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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

FOAMING OUT HIS OWN SHAME.

LETTER FROM HON. CHARLES J. INGERSOLL.

[The following letter, written by the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, in answer to an invitation to attend the Eighth of January celebration at Tammany Hall, is highly commended by *The Pennsylvanian*, the organ of Mr. Buchanan and the Democratic party.]

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1860.

GENTLEMEN: The triumph which you invite me to celebrate was neither the first nor the last of the heroic statesman whose memory, with you, I earnestly venerate. Gen. Jackson's last victory over the King of Terrors, the most signal of all his triumphs, was a lesson of piety and patriotism admirably suggestive of what ought to be common, if not universal, sentiment at this conjuncture, if liberticide vituperation of negro slavery has engendered dangers of that disunion which he deemed the direst of American republican calamities. Dying of a most painful and incurable disorder, in the midst of all his sufferings, with the Bible on his pillow, looking forward with Christian resignation to departure from this for entrance on another and better life, he administered consolation to his negro slaves, weeping at his bedside the loss of a master who was their owner. Has or can any of those who, from the press, the pulpit, the forum and the lecture-room, denounce negro slavery as sin rest on his death-bed and leave this world with as clear a conscience and well-founded a hope of blessed immortality as Andrew Jackson?

Philanthropists like Franklin, Jay, Jefferson and other exemplary Americans have laudably sought to free black as well as white from servitude, by gradual, judicial and conservative emancipation. But Abolitionists are not emancipationists, but land pirates—robbers of other men's property—like sea pirates, enemies of mankind, upon whom summary punishment ought to be relentlessly inflicted.

The first Abolitionist in this country was that reprobate English infidel drunkard, Tom Paine. The first Abolitionist in Europe was that awful French monster, Robespierre. Before Wilberforce or any of the English began their work of emancipation, Paine and Robespierre united in the Jacobin Club at Paris, proclaimed revolutionary freedom for negro slaves, together with the overthrow of Christianity, with an age of what they called reason, instead of religion—set up a strong-minded strumpet, in Bloomer clothes, as the Goddess of Reason, to be worshipped—abolished Sundays, week-days and months—by sacrilegious and sanguinary violence striving to revolutionize not only politics, but property, morals, States and society, from top to bottom—propagating, by the guillotine at home and the sabre abroad, their destructive abominations, were arrested by President Washington, with his Secretaries, Jefferson and Hamilton, snatching the United States by a state-stroke of executive energy—one of the most memorable and admirable *coups d'etat* of modern history—from ruinous warfare.

Of those miscreants of misrule, American root-and-branch Abolitionists are lineal offspring; with the same defiance of God Almighty, the same hatred of the Christian religion and their neighbors, the same delight in robbery and spoliations, the same clergy demonized, the same shameless women on the town, the French *sans culottes*, that is bare-breeched as Robespierre, Paine called themselves the women with their clothes tucked up to display their person in public like strumpets and she-trumpeters. These American disciples of French infernal apostles strive by public riots to reverse their Savior's precept—that on love of God and of neighbors hang all the law and the prophets, for which their age of reason substitutes hell-fired hatred of fellow-countrymen. Fortunately, this odious alienation has not yet proved so fatal as fear and disgust naturally misconceive. For much as our Eastern have contrived to foment hatred between themselves and their Southern fellow-countrymen in union, still that abomination is by no means so desperate or dangerous as the hatred of other united people—English and Irish for each other in the British Union; Austrians, Italians, Hungarians and Crotians in the German Union; Poles and Russians in their union, and hardly greater than that of the Gascons and Alsacians in France, who, though they cannot understand each other's language, yet are held together by wonderful concentration of patriotic loyalty to the same country.

Republican loyalty, founded on consent and content, is so much stronger than mechanical allegiance, controlled by force and compulsion, that no jeopardy has befallen American Union, which, on the contrary, is corroborated by every strain. We see now a South Carolina Senator, with a thousand negro slaves, clinging to the Union upheld against Abolition, with intense attachment; and that *sui generis* monster, John Brown, is almost, if not quite, the only American traitor ever executed. Since Liberty and Slavery were united in this Republic by nature, by territories, by rivers West and seas East, by language, lineage and other indissoluble ties, Abolitionists flatter themselves, with false unction laid to heart, when they think they can dismember such a Union. After the present Brown temporary hubbub passes away, as it soon will, the chief result of Brown's treason will be the election next year of a Unionist for President, strongly pronounced against Abolition, beyond all doubt, by a large majority. No future event can be more certain.

For Brown has been the only genuine, heroic Abolitionist that has appeared. Their railing at slavery from a distance is like dogs baying at the moon. Sincere, earnest and determined Abolitionists would, like Brown, march right upon the negro quarters, storm them and covet martyrdom, however inevitable. Preaching, praying and lecturing at a distance where there is no slavery, howling homilies over that martyr's carcase after he was hanged, all such coarse sentimentality, either prefatory or posthumous, is sheer nonsense of abolition. Lecturing Abolition at twenty-five cents a ticket, or preaching it on a salary of so much a year, may feed and perhaps celebrate the play actors of modern spectacles, caricatures of Roman *panem et circenses* for the entertainment of chambermaids, idlers and other rabble. But hundreds of miles from the scene of action, it is but sterile poltroonery, although misdemeanors indictable by common law. Every honest, efficacious Abolitionist must imitate that Beelzebub of their demoniac saints, John Brown, by which alone can they either free slaves, whether willing or not, or sow in prison or on gibbets the seeds of an effectual martyrology. A few clergymen hanged in their canonicals, with strong-minded women in short petticoats, would be a spectacle not indeed to be desired, but which might at least vouch the sincerity of those who only howl at it when there is danger, and most of them because they reckon on the gullibility of their auditors, like Anti-Masons, Know-Nothings or some other hypocritical false pretence of partisan contrivance. Without some heroic risk of life like Brown's, all the rest is leather and prunella. To bring out Victor Hugo's French or old Harriet Martineau's English impertinence, there must be something more striking than hired preachers keeping their precious persons hundreds of miles from any scene of action, railing, as nothing is easier or more useless, like that at Turkish polygamy or Chinese infanticide.

If the Abolitionists will not attest their sincerity by martyrdom, the only other remedy for their sufferings is disunion. And as root-and-branch, Free Soil, Kansas Aid Societies, territorial devices and all other contrivances by acts of Assembly, Governors, Judges, mobs and what not, to nullify the Constitution, are palpable violations of it, the true and permanent relief for Abolitionists of all shades, denominations and degrees, will be separation of the States, departing from the pledges of their forefathers, and constituting themselves openly in another, if they think so, better Confederacy, without the contamination of slavery.

The New England States, with New York colonized by them, confederated with the Canadas and other British North American provinces, might form another Union—a North-Eastern Union—separated from us, who can endure our present condition. The North-Eastern Union would have the benefit of all the English abhorrence of slavery, with fifty thousand fugitive slaves to exemplify their humanity, and we should be left in the South-Western Union, as always heretofore, with politics, interests, habits and progress such as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Taylor and Polk, slaveholding Chief Magistrates, have, from first to last, impressed on us, and, as we think, much to our prosperous development; all the Northern Presidents, the two Adamses and Mr. Van Buren, concurring in their system of government.

With filial reverence for the Federal Constitution as framed originally, I shall deplore any such faction as this last of all, its North-Eastern faction, and, being of New England lineage, part with regret from the New England States. If they can no longer endure the slave communion, I hope we shall part in peace, as a venerable founder, but inveterate slaveholder, Abraham, said to Lot, let there be no strife between us, because we be brethren; there is room enough for all of you of the North-Eastern Union. Go to Sodom!

We of the South-Western Union can abide content with Canada.

I am, gentlemen, your humble servant,
C. J. INGERSOLL.

The Tammany Society of New York.

THE STANDARD.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF GERRIT SMITH.

His boyhood and education—His intense application to business—His interest in Philanthropic and Reformatory enterprises—His acquaintance with John Brown—His opposition to violence and insurrection—His views of civil government—His predictions of insurrection as the natural fruit of slavery—His views illustrated by extracts from his speeches—His illness and insanity the result of severe bodily and mental labor—His convalescence and hope of complete restoration, &c. &c.

PETERBORO, Madison Co., Jan. 14th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AMONG the many incidents of deep interest which have transpired within a few months past, the illness and temporary insanity of the Hon. Gerrit Smith have attracted much attention; and as very few of the great number who have known and loved Mr. Smith for many years have a correct knowledge of the causes which led to his temporary aberration of mind, I thought I would write you in relation to the matter.

Mr. Smith is now about sixty-three years of age, and few men in the world have done more hard work in a lifetime than he. His father, Judge Peter Smith, came into this region nearly three fourths of a century ago, an early pioneer of civilization; and he became, in time, a very large landholder. At the age of twelve years, Gerrit Smith was taken into his father's office, to assist in his business. He afterward entered college, and in due time graduated with high honors; and shortly after, the vast and complicated interests involved in the ownership of nearly a million acres of land were gradually placed in his hands. For long periods together his average labor in the office was thirteen hours per day, and his evenings were given mostly to correspondence upon the various moral and political reforms, the claims of which he early acknowledged, and whose triumphs he has earnestly labored to secure. Besides the above labors, he has made innumerable journeys, given addresses without number upon the great questions of Temperance, Land Reform, Slavery and Civil Government, and assisted in the formation of numerous political, reformatory and benevolent associations.

It is now some fourteen or fifteen years since Gerrit Smith became acquainted with John Brown. Mr. Smith had given a large quantity of land, situated in Essex Co., N. Y., to a colony of colored people, in the hope of thus advancing their welfare and that of their race.

John Brown, then a resident of Springfield, Mass., felt it his duty to leave his home and remove to Essex County, and, being a practical farmer, to devote his energies and give the benefit of his experience to the advancement of the interests of that colony.

The noble devotion of Brown, in thus sacrificing his own interests for the benefit of those who were considered the outcasts of society, made a deep impression upon the mind of Gerrit Smith; and a strong and lasting friendship grew up between them. As, in process of time, the grand characteristics of Brown appeared more and more—his sterling honesty, based upon a deep religious principle, his firmness and yet tenderness of heart—the respect and love which Gerrit Smith had felt for him greatly increased, and the attachment which existed between them became greater even than that of brotherly love.

The colony in Essex County did not succeed well; under the circumstances of its existence, it would have been surprising if it had. Most of the colored people, unused to the cold climate of northern New York, removed; but John Brown and his family still remained at North Elba.

When the Kansas struggle began, Mr. Brown's deepest sympathies were enlisted on the side of freedom. He resolved to go with his brave sons to Kansas, become settlers there, and throw their weight on the side of the cause of human liberty. He laid his plan before Mr. Smith and asked his assistance, which was readily granted.

In the year 1855 there was a large anti-slavery meeting in session in Syracuse, and John Brown, on his way to Kansas came into the meeting. Mr. Brown presented the cause of the Free State settlers there, described the outrages committed upon them by the Slave Power, and asked for means to enable him, on reaching Kansas, to relieve the extreme wants of those settlers who had lost their property by the invasions of the Border Ruffians, and to assist them also in arming and defending themselves. Lewis Tappan and Rev. S. J. May opposed the idea of contributing for the purchase of deadly weapons, though they advocated giving money to relieve the wants of the outraged settlers in Kansas. Gerrit Smith fully agreed with Messrs. Tappan and May in opposing the idea of contributing for the purchase of arms. Some others expressed similar views; and, as the audience were divided upon the question, Messrs. Tappan, May, Smith and the others who opposed the purchase of arms with their contributions expressly stated to Mr. Brown that they gave *only* to relieve the wants of those who had been wronged and plundered in Kansas. I mention this because, as you know, much pains has been taken to implicate Gerrit Smith in the affair at Harper's Ferry; while, in fact, he has ever—and I think *wrongly*—opposed insurrection, violence and bloodshed. This opposition I have often heard him express in public and private, for eight or nine years past.

In 1856, I chanced to be in Syracuse on the 1st of October, and attended a "Jerry Rescue Celebration." Gerrit Smith presided. I recollect that on that occasion some one present advocated the liberation of the slaves by violent means. Gerrit Smith rose in much excitement and made a very strong speech against the use of violence; he declared that the glory of the act of the rescue of Jerry was that it was done *without taking human life*, and, to my surprise, expressed great sympathy and pity for the slaveholder. Said he, "I pity the poor slaveholder! I pity him more than I do the slave!" "More than you do the slave?" asked the advocates of violence. "Yes," answered Smith, "much more; for the slaveholder is the victim of a fatal delusion, which is endorsed by most of the Churches and clergy of this country—a delusion which is ruining the slaveholder, soul and body, for time and eternity! God will take care of the slave; but the poor slaveholder will never know till he stands before his God the evil he has done!"

Though Mr. Smith has thus ever opposed insurrection, he is not a thorough non-resistant; he believes GOVERNMENT is *divinely instituted*; and while he denies the right of the injured *individual* to take human life, he believes government, for *good cause*, may do so, and that the *innocent* subject should be protected in his rights at *whatever cost to the guilty*. This theory he laid down and somewhat elaborated in his address before the American Peace Society at Boston, in May, 1858.

Holding this view, he did not, after the Free State men of Kansas had really created a government, oppose their right of forcible self-defence, and his conduct on all occasions has been consistent with the above views.

In his speech in Congress upon the Nebraska bill, he speaks as follows:

"Let me not be misunderstood. Let me not be supposed to fear that American slavery will not come to an end. My fear is that it will not be brought to an end by government. I have no fear that it will not be abolished. It will be abolished, and at no distant day. If the government fail to abolish it, it will abolish itself. The colored people of this nation, bond and free, number four millions, and are multiplying rapidly. They are all victims of slavery—for if the free are not in the *umbra*, they are, nevertheless, in the *penumbra* of slavery. Hence, then, as well as by identity of race, they are bound together by the strongest sympathy. Moreover, if not carried along as rapidly as others, nevertheless they are carried along in the general progressive knowledge of human rights. Such being the case, it is not to be supposed that they can be held in their present condition for ages longer. They will deliver themselves, if they are not delivered. He must be blind to history, to philosophy, to the nature of man, who can suppose that such a system as American slavery can have a long life, even in circumstances most favorable to its continuance. In the most benighted portions of the earth, the victims of such a system would, in process of time, come to such a sense of their wrongs, and their power also, as to rise up and throw off the system. But that here such a system must be hurried to its end is certain. For here it is entirely out of harmony with all the institutions around it, and with all the professions of those who uphold it. Here it is continually pressed upon by ten thousand influences adverse to its existence. Nothing so much as American slavery stands in the way of the progress of the age. A little time longer, and it must yield to this progress, and be numbered with the things that were. The only question is whether it shall die a peaceful or a violent death—whether it shall quietly recede before advancing truth or resist unto blood.

"God forbid that American slavery should come to a violent end. I hold with O'Connell that no revolution is worth the shedding of blood. A violent end to American slavery would constitute one of the bloodiest chapters in all the book of time. It would be such a reckoning for deep and damning wrongs—such an unbarring of smothered and pent-up revenge—as living man has never seen. Can this catastrophe be averted? Perhaps it cannot. Perhaps God will not let off this superlatively wicked nation on any easier terms than a servile war—a war, we must remember, that will be very likely to bring within its wide sweep the whole black population of this continent and the neighboring islands—a population already numbering some ten or twelve millions. Perhaps, since we would be a nation of oppressors, He will let the oppressed smite the oppressors. Perhaps, since we would be a bloody nation, He will give us 'blood even unto the horses' bridles.' There will be no such catastrophe, however, if the North and South, equal sinners in the matter of slavery, shall hasten to mingle the tears of their penitence; to say from the heart, 'We are verily guilty concerning our brother'; and to join their hands in putting away their joint and unsurpassed sin."

Mr. Smith has thus ever *predicted* insurrection, unless the government would take in hand the abolition of slavery; and, as the years rolled by, and the Church and clergy grew more intensely wicked in their advocacy of oppression—as the political parties grew more tame in their defence of freedom, the old "Liberty party" itself becoming extinct—the moral efforts made for the destruction of slavery seeming all unavailing—the African slave trade actually reopened—and the darkness of midnight shutting down upon the slave—in view of all this, it required no power of prophecy to foresee that slavery must end in insurrection and bloodshed. Yet for this disastrous ending, long foreseen by Mr. Smith, he has ever blamed the *North* much more than the *South*.

These predictions of insurrection are nothing new; nor has Gerrit Smith alone made them. Phillips, Garrison, Pillsbury, Higginson, and many others, have uttered them for years, at the great anti-slavery gatherings; and the man must be stolid indeed who can have failed to see the coming of the dark shadow of servile war for ten years past. Insurrections are not "got up"; they grow out of the *nature of things*, and have done so throughout human history.

The charges made against Mr. Smith of complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair are of themselves of trifling importance, and made for the purpose of creating political capital for a sinking cause; they have failed of their object; and, like all the wretched tribe of pro-slavery falsehoods, they now skulk from the light of day. But still, as the subject of the destruction of slavery by violent means is now emphatically before the country—a question on either side of which the most eminent Abolitionists of the land are ranging themselves—it is well, perhaps, that the long and consistent opposition of Gerrit Smith to the use of violence should be fully brought to light.

At the Wisconsin State Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Milwaukee, in June, 1857, Mr. Smith addressed a very large audience, and, speaking of the slaveholders of the South, said:

"That the slaveholder is, to a large extent, unconscious of the wickedness of his relation, is beyond controversy. Deplorable, however, as is this unconsciousness, it happily leaves room in him for goodness. Virtues the slaveholder can certainly have. Washington was a slaveholder, and strikingly were the noble virtues grouped in him. We must dismiss our prejudices against the slaveholder, and do him full justice. In innumerable instances is he graced with beautiful traits of character. Of course, this could not be did he know the wickedness of his relation. Were he to know that, to continue in the relation—to see his sin and yet to cling to it—his whole soul would be so debased that nothing virtuous, nothing generous could spring up or live in it. Unconsciousness of his wrong explains the possibility of his goodness.

"That the slaveholder should persist in remaining a slaveholder ought not to surprise us; nor ought we to regard him as pre-eminently wicked for such persistence. Think how rarely, even among ourselves, a man becomes, in the full and emphatic sense of the word, an Abolitionist. All over the world a new education is needed—an education into simple, honest love of manhood, and into a deep and abiding reverence for it. Hitherto, at the North as well as at the South, our schools and churches have not been such as to impress men with the dignity and grandeur of their common nature. In every part of our country the work is still undone of bringing men to believe

"'That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of Heaven is MAN!'

"Open the eyes of the slaveholder to the greatness and glory of man—even of the most bruised and battered specimen of man—and he is at once an Abolitionist. The like discovery can alone transform the non-slaveholder into an Abolitionist. All those before whose Heaven-anointed vision stand revealed the divine image and the moral sublimity of man—all those and none others are Abolitionists. As impossible would it be for him who is blessed with this revelation to oppress or despise his brother as to pour contempt upon the pyramids among the works of men, or upon Mount Blanc among the works of God."

Mr. Smith sympathized deeply with the cause of downtrodden Hungary, yet, when Kossuth made his appeals to the American people, he gave not a dollar in aid of the cause, knowing that Kossuth contemplated following up a bloody revolution, in order to throw off the Austrian yoke. Last summer, during the Italian war, Kossuth having gone to rally his countrymen, Col. Asbot, one of his aids (and an esteemed acquaintance of Mr. Smith's), appealed to the friends of Hungary for assistance to enable exiled Hungarians to join their countrymen. Yet Mr. Smith refused to give anything to the object, because violence and bloodshed were, of course, contemplated.

In our Sunday meetings here, where we often discuss the question of slavery, I have always heard him express similar views in relation to servile insurrection.

In June last, in a Reform Convention held here, Mr. Smith offered a resolution declaring, in effect, that the churches and the political parties had left the slave to perish, and warned the people that their indifference to the slave's condition must sooner or later lead inevitably to scenes of violence; for the slave, already enlightened, finding himself forsaken, would rise in his despair upon the tyrant.

Mr. Redpath, you may recollect, in a letter to *The Tribune*, some weeks since, speaks of Mr. Smith's letter to him in relation to his book, "The Roving Editor," which Mr. Smith condemned for its justification of violence.

The wife of Gerrit Smith is a native of Hagerstown, Maryland, and they have many relatives residing there and in the vicinity. At various times Mr. Smith has given large sums of money to prominent residents in that region, to enable them to emancipate their slaves; and certainly it *would* be a little surprising if he had helped Capt. Brown carry war to their very thresholds!

The *great doctrine* of Gerrit Smith has ever been that "there CAN BE NO VALID LAW for slavery," and his policy has been to create a political party which should take this impregnable ground, and destroy slavery by the ballot. This accomplished, while utterly denying the *legal claim* of the slaveholder to compensation, yet, as the North has shared with the South in the guilt of slavery, he has advocated that the North should assist in bearing the loss of the slave-owner, consequent upon the liberation of the slaves.

In relation to the recent illness and temporary insanity of Mr. Smith, the following facts will probably be interesting to his friends.

I have alluded to the immense labors of his life; but notwithstanding these, and several very severe attacks of illness, at various times during the last thirty years, on the whole—in consequence of having inherited a strong constitution, and having constantly practised strict habits of temperance—he has preserved a remarkable vigor of body and mind.

In 1857, however, he had a very severe attack of typhoid fever. Simultaneously with this, and continuing through it, he suffered terribly from a neuralgic affection of the head. He lay low for many weeks, and his life was despaired of. At last he recovered from the fever, but only to suffer from new disease; dropsy began to show itself to an alarming degree, and then dyspepsia—an old enemy of his—became severe and painful. As the dyspepsia increased, the dropsy disappeared; but he has since suffered greatly at times from indigestion. He had also the heart complaint to such a degree that he has not been able to lie on his left side for more than a year past.

In 1858, he received the nomination for Governor from a small Convention of his friends at Syracuse; and, desiring to rouse the people to an united effort for Temperance and Freedom, and believing the time and labor would be well spent whether he were elected or not, he canvassed the State as an independent candidate. In some forty counties of this "Empire State" he addressed more than fifty large assemblies of the people; he travelled night and day, and occasionally returned home so haggard and worn that his friends greatly feared he would break down under the labor. His speeches at these meetings were very exhausting, as he invited free questioning and discussion upon all subjects within the range of civil government; and, by the way, in all these meetings he warned the people, if they did not arise and abolish slavery, it would abolish itself by bloodshed. He spoke at these meetings on an average *two and a half hours*. This was altogether too much for him, and his sufferings from dyspepsia were much increased in consequence. Still, the expenditure of time and labor he never lamented, for his position as a candidate gave him an opportunity to meet large numbers of the people, and to enforce the great truths of Temperance and Freedom, and Righteous Civil Government; and the good seed sown by him in that canvass will yet bear a harvest to be reaped by those who shall come after him.

After the election, he took up again the great topic of the "Religion of Reason." Early in 1858 he had made an able address upon this subject. In January, 1859, he delivered the second discourse upon the same; and in June, of the same year, he delivered, to a large audience assembled in Convention here, the third discourse of the series. This last involved much historical research, and, as it was marked by a deep philosophical analysis of the *religious nature of man*, it must, in his then state of health, have cost him severe labor. Besides this, he wrote extensively upon other topics, controlled his immense business, and kept up his almost boundless correspondence.

For more than a year past many of Mr. Smith's friends have remarked in him a preternatural brilliancy of mind. It blazed constantly, and in its unnatural vigor it seemed to seek almost in vain sufficient material to feed its fires. Always coherent, lucid and logical in its operations, yet its boundless *activity* was noticed by those around him.

In the spring of 1859, John Brown made a short visit to Peterboro. He had been to Canada with the slaves so nobly rescued in Missouri, and stopped here on his way back. Mr. Brown addressed a goodly audience in the Free Church. Here, again, Gerrit Smith expressed his views against bloodshed, and, in a short speech introducing Capt. Brown, he dwelt with pleasure upon the fact that these Missouri slaves had been liberated without the shedding of blood. Capt. Brown then made some remarks upon the troubles in Kansas, commented upon the encroachments of the Slave Power, and, by request, gave an account of his recent expedition with his little band into Missouri and of the rescue of the slaves which he had just safely landed in Canada. He justified his conduct, and, like Gerrit Smith, rejoiced that their humane object had been accomplished without bloodshed.

Capt. Brown, when here, was not well; he had recently had an attack of fever and ague, and was still suffering from it; he complained also of partial loss of hearing; and it is highly probable that the mistakes which the glorious old man made at Harper's Ferry were partly in consequence of feebleness caused by great exposure and failing health. Capt. Brown was here one day only, and left the next morning.

For the last four or five years Gerrit Smith has been in the constant habit of furnishing Capt. Brown and his family with pecuniary assistance, never refusing any application for money or a draft. Capt. Brown and his brave sons had devoted their energies and risked their lives, had suffered outrage, persecution and loss of property, for the furtherance of the cause of human freedom; and Mr. Smith thought it but right that while Brown and his children gave *all* to Liberty, he should give liberally of his abundance for their support.

I have spoken of the deep attachment which existed between Capt. Brown and Gerrit Smith. In Brown's journeys to and from Kansas, he always paid the family of Mr. Smith a short visit, and had won the love of all; and you can judge the anguish of their hearts when the news came of the affair at Harper's Ferry; the news that violence had taken place, that blood had been shed, and precious lives lost; that their dear old friend Capt. Brown was a prisoner, wounded, suffering, and, with his brave companions, hastening to a felon's death! and as, day by day, the details came of their patient endurance of pain, and their heroic fortitude in view of their certain doom, the accumulation of disaster and misery was too much for the feeble body and overtaxed brain of Gerrit Smith, and he sank under it! Several days passed, and it became evident to his friends that it would be necessary to place Mr. Smith in the care of those who, having devoted many years to the study of brain diseases, were best able to cope with them; and he was therefore conveyed to the Asylum at Utica. During this time Mr. Smith had almost entirely rejected nourishment, and had been deprived of sleep. On his arrival at Utica, I understand, Dr. Gray, the distinguished physician at the Asylum, remarked that they had not brought him too soon; that a delay of forty-eight hours would probably have resulted in death. So utterly prostrated was his physical system that the beating of the pulse was scarcely perceptible.

The physicians commenced at once giving him stimulants and the most nourishing diet. I am informed that Dr. Gray is of the opinion that dyspepsia was the *immediate*, and the typhoid fever of 1857 the *more remote*, cause of the whole difficulty; and, with a singularly keen perception of the case, he expressed the belief that the brain had been disturbed in its functions for a long time. This view corresponds exactly with the observations of Mr. Smith's friends, who had noticed the unusual excitement for more than a year past.

The insanity of Mr. Smith, both before and after his removal to the Asylum, was *general* in its character, and extended to all subjects, embracing even his pecuniary affairs, etc. All hope of his recovery seemed then to turn upon the point whether the *physical system* could be restored to its healthy tone; if so, the brain would at once resume its functions. The highly judicious treatment which Mr. Smith received soon began to exhibit the most hopeful results; sleep was obtained by the use of anodynes, which were then gradually diminished; soon he was able to see his friends; and after spending about four weeks in the Asylum proper, he became an inmate of Dr. Gray's family. He has thus steadily improved; and about two weeks since, Dr. G. decided to try the effect of *home* upon him, and accompanied him to Peterboro.

Mr. Smith is still feeble, is easily exhausted, and he will not be able to mingle in active life for a long time to come. He does not think of going to Europe, at least at present; and it is to be hoped that his many kind friends will be *judicious*, and not, in their kindness, wear him out with calls and correspondence. As Theodore Parker said, in answer to *his* thousand correspondents, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Mr. Smith has not read a newspaper since October last (though he is fully aware of the great events which have transpired), and his physicians forbid him to read, write or study for a long time to come. He converses freely on all the lighter topics of the day, but, by his physician's advice, he avoids, as much as possible, dwelling upon those subjects which tax heavily the mental powers.

Mr. Smith is perfectly sane on all subjects; still, his brain is *very tender*, and he is easily fatigued; and should any very painful event transpire, such as the loss of a member of his family, for instance, the shock would probably produce a relapse which might prove fatal to his recovery. He sleeps quite well, and with the use of but little medicine; yet he does not get sleep enough. He has a good appetite, and an improving digestion; his spirits are good, though he sometimes feels that he shall never be able to take part in the active scenes of life; but this is a natural feeling to one whose system has received so severe a shock, and who is still quite feeble. All his near friends feel confident that he will ultimately be restored to his pristine vigor, and it is quite possible that, under the excellent medical treatment which he has received, he may even be *better* in bodily and mental health than he has been for many years. He rides and walks every pleasant day, and is round the village, ministering, as usual, to the wants of the sick and poor.

Day by day, as we watch his progress, we see the "sinking fund" of vitality which a long life of strict temperance has established—for he had not tasted even tea or coffee for thirty years—honor the drafts made upon it splendidly and give back its treasures in the hour of need.

Strange as it may seem, the opinion of Mr. Smith's physicians is undoubtedly correct, which is, that the shock which he received, and which has produced a temporary aberration of mind, should be looked upon as a *blessing* rather than an *evil*; for, in consequence of his brain being in a state of preternatural excitement for more than a year past, consuming by its extreme activity the vitality of his system and gradually exhausting the recuperative powers, he was hurrying on to a condition of *acute* and *hopeless insanity!* which sad condition he must soon have reached, had he not by this shock been stopped in his career, and brought under prompt and, as the result shows, most judicious medical treatment.

I understand that Dr. Gray smiles when he hears the insanity of Mr. Smith attributed to the affair at Harper's Ferry. He declares this to be but the *incident* which developed more plainly a state of things which *had long existed*, and whose latent cause was doubtless the typhoid fever of 1857. Any other exciting event would have produced the same result, and this most distressing affair at Harper's Ferry was only, as it were, a handful of straw thrown upon a fire *long since kindled*. In view of this fact, Mr. Smith's affliction becomes in truth a SALVATION, and as such his friends everywhere should look upon it.

It is said, upon the best authority, that there are a great many persons in the higher walks of life, particularly among the wealthy classes, who every year die of insanity, because their relatives are too proud to have them become inmates of the Insane Asylum. They thus needlessly perish, and, in the reports of deaths, these cases are set down as "*brain fevers*." This is a foolish pride indeed; as if insanity were not as honest and respectable a disease as gout or rheumatism! As if a brain diseased, by being over-worked or stopped in its natural functions, was not just as much a *physical* disability as a wrenched ancle or a broken leg!

Gerrit Smith is not yet old; he is at this time seventeen years, at least, *younger* than Brougham; yet the latter is hale and strong, and doubtless may keep on his great career for years to come. Comte, the great French philosopher, wrote his most profound works *after recovering from a fit of insanity*; and in view of all the facts above given, we may look forward with hope and confidence to the time when Gerrit Smith, fully recovered from his illness, shall be again, as he has long been, among the foremost in all intellectual and humane efforts for the redemption of his race from every form of physical and spiritual bondage.

Yours, truly, G. W. P.

SATANIC OMENS.

The Herald has been rightly named "The Satanic Press." Except *The New York Observer*, we know of no journal that could dispute its claims to such preëminence. Both these papers serve the same cause, but each in a way peculiar to itself; the difference being mainly this: that while *The Herald* scarcely pretends to be governed by any moral principle whatever, *The Observer* adopts the Pecksniffian method, masking its wickedness under a cloak of piety. Both are filled with the most malignant misrepresentations of the Abolitionists, and both are laboring with might and main to excite against them the selfishness, the ignorance, the prejudice and all the baser passions of the community. The tendency of their inculcations, if not their deliberate object, is to inaugurate at the North the same "Reign of Terror" which exists at the South, and for which they are constantly offering apologies, if not open justification. If they admit that the violent suppression of freedom of speech and the press at the South and the lynching and expulsion of Northern citizens are wrong, it is only for the purpose of giving point to their censures of the Abolitionists, whom they malignantly hold responsible for all these exhibitions of the spirit of slavery, just as wicked men of old held Jesus and his Apostles responsible for the wickedness developed by their preaching.

We have cherished the hope that the day of pro-slavery mobs at the North had gone by; but recent indications lead us to fear a revival of the spirit which, in 1835, made it dangerous to property and life to hold an anti-slavery meeting. What could be more Satanic than such auguries as these from *The Herald*?

"But there is another effect which will soon be developed, and which the incendiary journals in their headlong career do not foresee; and that is, to destroy their own cause, and probably themselves. Their exaggerated reports of the outrages on Northern men at the South will produce a reaction in the Middle States, for the good sense of the people—their second sober sense—will cause them to reflect on the probable end of these deplorable movements—the secession of the Southern States and the ruin of the North—and they will seek out the cause of the catastrophe, and find it in the course of incendiary journalists and abolition leaders, *who will be visited with their vengeance, and, if they persist in their agitation, will not only be tarred and feathered, but probably hanged.* The logical tendency of the events at the South, which these journals so magnify, is to produce a civil war, not at the South, but at the North; for when the Northern people find that the Union is about to be broken up, and that the Southern States are on the verge of secession, *they will put down the anti-slavery agitation, even at the point of the bayonet*; and if the Abolitionists resist, then will begin an 'irrepressible conflict' of a very different nature from that which Mr. Seward contemplates. Mr. Hickman, in the House of Representatives, absurdly talks of eighteen millions of Northern men invading the South to compel it to return to the Union. When the Union is dissolved by Southern secession, Mr. Hickman, if he lives, will see eighteen millions of Northern men, or rather the fighting men out of eighteen millions of Northern population, not marching against the South, but marching against each other, in one of the most fratricidal wars that has ever been waged since the time of the thirty years' bloody strife in England between the houses of York and Lancaster.

* * * * * * * * *

"There never will be a war between the two sections, North and South. If war comes, it will be between the Abolitionists and the conservative and commercial classes at the North itself; it will be a bloody internecine feud, a direful civil war within our own borders—in New York, New England and the Central States—while the South will enjoy profound peace, because it will have sent out all the dangerous abolition agitators, and there will remain but one harmonious element. In the event of such a frightful disaster as a civil war in the Northern States, *we may expect to see such abolition fanatics as Garrison, Phillips, Greeley and Theodore Parker hung up to the lamp-posts by Lynch law, the victims of the passions of a justly incensed multitude.*"

These prognostications tend directly to their own fulfilment, and we are by no means sure that the Abolitionists will not ere long have to pass through a period of persecution and mobocratic violence more terrible by far than that of 1834-5-6. The slaveholders, through their tools in Northern cities and towns, may be mad enough to make one more desperate effort to destroy the freedom of speech and the press in the free States; but of the success of such an effort we have no fears.

O'CONOR HONORED IN VIRGINIA.

THE slaveholders are in ecstacies over the speech lately made by Charles O'Conor at the Academy of Music. They say he has struck the "key-note" for them in their controversy with the Abolitionists, and that the Conservatism which does not attune its utterances to this "pitch"—which, in other words, refuses to declare that it is right to extort labor by the lash, to keep the laboring class in ignorance by penal enactments, and to breed children for the market like calves and pigs—is not up to the demands of the hour. They have no confidence in the North, except as Mr. O'Conor's doctrine shall be accepted as an article of her political faith: and herein they are exactly right, since on no other ground is it possible to answer the arguments of the Abolitionists, vindicate the Constitution, or justify the continuance of slavery for a single hour. No wonder they are delighted by the open avowal of such a doctrine by one of the most eminent lawyers of the North, nor that, in their desperation, they should regard it as the sign of a coming revolution favorable to their cause. It would be surprising indeed if they were not grateful for such a champion in this their hour of extremity.

The Senate of Virginia, on the 5th inst., gave a banquet at Richmond in honor of ex-Lieut.-Governor Jackson. The F. F. V.s came together on the occasion in full force, and ventilated their patriotism in speeches hissing hot with indignation toward the Northern "fanatics." They did not forget to offer a tribute of thanks to Mr. O'Conor. John Randolph Tucker, Attorney-General of the State, gave utterance to their feelings in language which we will transcribe:

"Now, there is one way in which this Union can be preserved. We never can and never should, in my opinion, concede for a moment that our institutions are anything else than eminently promotive of the greatest political prosperity; and until the Northern people come to understand distinctly and entirely that we are their equals—their coequals not only in political rights, but in moral rights, in the maintenance of our institutions, and that they are coequal with us in the maintenance of theirs—that under this common Constitution we have a right to maintain that line of civilization which we call the slave labor civilization—that wherever the free ægis of our Constitution extends we are entitled to stand upon the basis of perfect equality, this Union cannot be a perpetuity (applause). I thank God that there is one man at the North—and that man a member of the same profession to which I have the honor to belong—who has struck the key-note to whose music we may all step. That man said, in a letter which I recently received from him, that there is one impression that must be made upon the Northern mind, and that is that the institutions of the South are not only not dangerous, but strictly moral and right, and that until the Northern people come to understand that there is a political as well as a Christian code which is to be recognized, and that we are right in the maintenance of our institutions, there can be no real Union. I will propose to you, gentlemen, a toast, which I trust we shall all drink standing. I will propose to you the health of the only man in all these Union meetings at the North who has really struck the true key-note of Union—I mean Charles O'Conor, Esq., of New York (loud applause)—the grasp of whose hand I have been honored in having, whose friendship I am hon

preposterous nor less hypocritical than they would be in the mouths of any of the despots of the Old World. There is, there *can* be, no such freedom where slavery prevails. In Virginia, at this very hour, no man can publicly maintain the doctrines in respect to slavery which were held by Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Patrick Henry—nay, which were avowed not many years ago by the present Governor of that State — without incurring the danger of being imprisoned or hanged!

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATION.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1860.

Mr. Arny was before the Senate Brown Raid Investigating Committee for the third time to-day. His testimony covers about sixty foolscap pages. The following is the substance:

Mr. Arny testified that previous to the destruction at Lawrence, Kansas, of *The Press* printing-office and Free State Hotel, in May, 1856, there was not a single Kansas Aid Society or committee in existence in the free States; that the first committee was appointed in the spring of 1856, at Bloomington, Illinois, of which he was the secretary and agent; that about the same time a meeting was held at Chicago, Illinois, and that a subscription of twenty thousand dollars was made by the citizens, without regard to party, to aid the sufferers in Kansas, and to open the thoroughfares through Missouri to Kansas, which were closed by armed Missourians both on the river and inland. In July, 1856, the National Kansas Aid Committee was organized at Buffalo, New York, with one member from each free State. Abraham Lincoln was appointed the member for Illinois, but when informed by letter of his appointment declined to act, as it would interfere with his political arrangements. Mr. Arny was appointed in his place, and chosen the general agent of the committee. Each State organized a committee auxiliary to the National committee, except the State of Massachusetts, which had a separate organization. Mr. Arny spoke of the Emigrant Aid Company, which existed previous to the year 1856, and said he went to Boston and applied to that company for assistance when the Missouri river was closed, and the officers of that company told him they were a financial organization or company, and could not depart from their charter to contribute for such objects.

Mr. Arny began to show what amount was contributed by the free States to aid Kansas after its invasion by Missourians, but was stopped by the chairman of the committee. I learn that Mr. Arny wanted to testify that there was placed in his hands, by individuals and committees, in money and clothing, over ninety-seven thousand dollars, and he wanted to present vouchers of its distribution to the sufferers in Kansas without regard to party; besides which, he paid nearly five thousand out of his own means to assist the destitute in southern Kansas; that Thaddeus Hyatt, President of the National Kansas Committee, appropriated of his own means several thousand dollars for the same purpose. E. C. Delevan, of Albany, New York, placed in the hands of Mr. Arny clothing worth about fifteen hundred dollars, with instructions to distribute it to the sufferers without regard to party or color, and that in all these appropriations there was but sixteen dollars expended for arms or military equipments of any kind; that Gerrit Smith also contributed ten thousand dollars, which he gave with special directions that it should be appropriated for food and medicine for the destitute and sick, and not for purposes of warfare.

Mr. Arny's testimony shows that in 1856, when Missourians invaded Kansas, and closed the Missouri river, and turned back emigrants, a lot of arms were sent by some persons—he did not know who—to Kansas; that boxes said to contain four hundred Sharp's rifles came to Chicago; that one hundred of them were taken up the Missouri river and seized at Lexington, Mo.; another hundred were seized at Waverley, Mo. When about to give a detailed history of these arms he was stopped.

Mr. Arny then testified that the other two hundred were sent to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and from there to Tabor, on the borders of Iowa and Nebraska, by wagon. He was about to state the condition of things at that time, the imminent danger of a civil war in Kansas, and his visit to Washington and conference with President Pierce, and that he told the President about these arms, and was told not to proceed. He testified that Brown applied for the rifles to the National Committee, at a session held in New York in January, 1857, and that committee refused to let him have them, and as they had not purchased them they gave the control of them to the Kansas Aid Committee in Massachusetts. Mr. Arny, resigning his office of Agent at this meeting, testified that he did not know anything about the arms after that time. He informed the committee that the reason the arms were not sent into Kansas was that President Pierce appointed Geary Governor of Kansas in place of Shannon, and Geary visited the Governor of Missouri, who took steps to open the thoroughfares of travel, and Geary turned the Missouri invaders back, thus making peace.

The substance of Arny's conversations with Brown, in 1858, in regard to his movements, was that Brown proposed to locate somewhere and run off slaves from the South, so as to make that kind of property insecure. Arny testifies that he opposed this mode of interference with slavery. Brown said he disliked the "do nothing" policy of the Abolitionists East, and said they never would effect anything by their milk-and-water principles. As to the Republicans, Brown thought they were of no account, for they were opposed to carrying the war into Africa—they were opposed to meddling with slavery in the States where it existed. Brown said his doctrine was to free the slaves by the sword. Arny wanted to know how he reconciled that with his Quaker peace principles which he held when he first knew him, more than twenty years ago. Brown said that the aggression of slavery, the murders and robberies perpetrated upon himself and members of his family, and the violation of law by Atchison and others in Kansas, from 1853 to that time, had convinced him that peace was but an empty word; and he repeated his dislike to the Republican party and Abolitionists, saying they were cravens—that they had refused to assist him. Arny testified that he declined to have anything further to do with his operations.

I understand that Mr. Arny declined giving the names of persons in Massachusetts who are supposed to have had control of the rifles, as he could not state definitely who purchased them without referring to his books in Kansas, which the Committee would not give him time to procure. As Arny was in Cincinnati just previous to the receipt of the letter written to Secretary Floyd, announcing the intention to invade Virginia, it is supposed by some persons here that he was the author of it. One thing is considered certain, that the persistent representations to President Pierce, in 1856, by Arny, Hayti, Gen. Pomeroy, and others, of the dangers of civil war growing out of the invasion of Kansas by Missourians, which invasion received the countenance of the Federal authorities of the Territories, induced the President to appoint Governor Geary, who restored peace to a considerable extent in the West, and saved the country from a bloody contest.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Jan. 21, 1860.

Mr. Realf has been before the Senate Brown Raid Investigating Committee to-day.

He testified that Senator Wilson wrote a letter to Dr. Howe, in 1857 or 1858, stating that he learned from Mr. Forbes that Brown was about to make a raid into some of the Southern States for the purpose of liberating slaves, and that he would use money furnished him by parties in Massachusetts for his Kansas work to aid him in his new project; and that in his (Wilson's) opinion it was madness in Brown to attempt such a thing, and that he (Howe) must withdraw all means furnished or intended to be furnished him for services in Kansas, if they were to be misapplied in the manner indicated by Forbes.

Realf testifies that Howe sent a copy of Wilson's letter to Brown, informing the latter that the arms and money which had been furnished him for the protection of the settlers of Kansas would be withdrawn in consequence of the revelations made by Forbes through Wilson; that Brown became enraged and abandoned his plan for awhile, but sometime subsequently pursued some pro-slavery men into Missouri and carried back with him several slaves.

Senator Wilson was notified to-day by Senator Mason that Realf had alluded to him in his testimony, and notified Wilson he could be present on Monday and read the testimony of Realf concerning his (Wilson's) correspondence with Howe, and make such explanation as he pleases. I learn that Wilson will appear and state what he knows about the matter.

B. B. Newton, a member of the National Kansas Aid Committee, referred to in Arny's testimony, arrived here to-day, and will be the next witness after Realf and Wilson.

The statement in *The Herald*, a few days since, that Brown was a Quaker when he first went to Kansas, was incorrect; but he was a non-resistant.

Realf will not implicate any members of the Republican party in New England, although there are persons who belong to other organizations who may be slightly compromised.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.

Realf concluded his testimony before the committee to-day. It was a detailed account of the organization of the Brown Provisional Government in Canada, which has already been published. He testified that he went to England in 1858, and knew nothing about Brown's operations after that time. He was requested to examine certain letters found in Brown's bag, to see if he could identify them, but testified that he knew nothing about Brown's correspondence or the authorship of the letters. The committee give him credit for frankness. He will receive about $600 mileage, having been brought from Texas. It is evident that some members of the committee have been disappointed in Realf's testimony, he having testified to nothing of any importance that was not before in evidence.

Mr. B. B. Newton, the Vermont member of the National Kansas Committee, and previously the leader of a colony at Mapleton, Bourbon County, Kansas, confirmed the testimony of Mr. Arny concerning the refusal of the National Committee to furnish arms to Brown in 1857. When he commenced testifying in relation to the invasion of Kansas by armed bodies of men, he was stopped.

Senator Wilson went before the Senate Brown Raid Committee to-day, and informed the Committee that if they would allow him time he would produce a copy of the letter he wrote to Dr. Howe concerning Brown's movements, based upon the information he received from Colonel Forbes. He had sent to Natick for it. The Chairman informed him they were willing to give him his own time to prepare his testimony.

DINNER TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.—A dinner was given to Mr. Seward at the National Hotel, last Saturday evening, and was participated in by ex-Governors Pennington, Corwin, Bingham, Crittenden and Anthony, and Senator Doolittle, and Representatives Colfax, Conklin and eight others.—*Cor. Herald.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

JOHN BROWN AVENGED.

IF John Brown had been of a revengeful spirit—which we all know he was not—his angry ghost would be in a fair way of being appeased. If he had had any ill-will to Virginia and the Slaveland generally, his grudge is likely to be fed fat, even after he has been done to death. He never dreamt of the perdurable ills he was about to visit upon the Ancient Dominion, or perhaps his heart would have failed him and he would have abandoned his crusade in behalf of the blacks, in view of the progeny of ills he was about, though all unwitting what he did, to bring upon the whites and their posterity.

We all mourned not long since over the calamity which the truant Sawbones were carrying home with them from Philadelphia. We sighed over the picture of a Southern State given up to a generation of home-made doctors. Ghosts multitudinous as any Ossian ever saw rose upon our startled sight, and we looked forward with dread to the comparative mortality which the revelations of the Census of 1870 will disclose. Our prophetic hearts told us that

> "The child shall rue that is unborn
> The stampede of that day."

But we had not foreseen the extent to which the fate of unborn generations was wrapped up in the portentous issues of Harper's Ferry. We knew that in spite of the best ignorance of doctors, a considerable percentage of children will see the light alive and live on in despite of all professional hands lifted against their lives. And of this coming generation we had hope that they might, by good luck and good training, miss of being as great fools as their fathers. But our hopes are at an end.

On the 19th of December last, Mr. Matthews, of Greenbrier, offered the following resolution, in the House of Delegates, which was adopted and will doubtless pass to become a law.

Resolved, That the Committee of Schools and Colleges inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill prohibiting School Commissioners throughout the Commonwealth from subscribing to any teacher, male or female, who hails from the north of Mason and Dixon's line, unless they shall have resided in the State of Virginia for at least ten successive years previous.

This, certainly, next to bringing back the good old days of Sir William Berkeley, when there were no free schools or printing at all, for which blessings that worthy predecessor of Governor Wise devoutly thanked God—"for learning," said he, "has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government; God keep us from both!"—next to having none, having none but such as are taught by teachers native and to the manner born, must be the best possible thing. If a "little learning" be indeed "a dangerous thing," in what peril must Virginia be when she has driven forth all Yankee schoolmasters who have not stood ten years' acclimation! We shudder to think of the grammar and spelling that is in store for young Virginia!

Then, again, Mr. Magruder, of Albermarle, offered the following resolution, which is also on its way to the Statute Book.

Resolved, That the Committee of Finance inquire into the expediency of providing by law that no license shall be granted to any agent of an insurance company not chartered by this State, unless such company shall deposit with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth bonds of the United States or other satisfactory funds or security for the payment to policy holders of all losses that may be sustained by them.

The object of this provision is, of course, to discourage the lieges of the Ancient Dominion from insuring their houses and goods in Northern offices—the only ones that are good for anything. This is indeed burning down one's own house to spite one's neighbors. We knew that those patriotic confessors intended to wear home-spun to punish our misdeeds; but we had no notion that they were ready to sit in ashes as well as sackcloth, for our sins! But so it is. They are willing to run the risk of conflagration, so Northern offices miss of their premiums. To be sure, they will gain the loss of their losses as well; which may perhaps balance the account, if there be any lesson to be read in the fire-raising about Charlestown, during the trials there. When Virginia shall have emancipated herself from all dependence on the North, and bath her loins girt about with her own home-spun and her feet shod with the preparation of her own hides, and her children growing up under the tutelage of home-grown pedagogues, and her body delivered over, before death, to doctors of medicine and her soul to doctors of Divinity of domestic manufacture, then the ghost of John Brown will stalk no longer unavenged about the scenes of his daring and his death.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH AGITATED.

THE Church to which Henry Ward Beecher ministers is generally supposed to be all on fire with anti-slavery sentiment and ready for almost any anti-slavery measure short of a dissolution of the Union. This, however, is a great mistake. Mr. Beecher, as we have often been constrained to say, was never thorough in his anti-slavery teachings, and he has never led the Church, as a body, into any anti-slavery measure whatever, though individuals have often, doubtless, been stimulated by his preaching to do genuine anti-slavery work. Plymouth Church, we believe, has never, during the whole period of its existence, helped the anti-slavery cause, or any of its representative associations, by a single contribution, though it has sometimes aided a slave to purchase his freedom, or given a lift to some educational movement for the benefit of free colored people. The American Board, notwithstanding its complicity with slavery as illustrated by the history of the last twenty-five years, has had its steady support; and so had the American Tract Society up to a very recent period, if we are not misinformed. Any sham Democrat, who wishes to do so, can easily gain admission to its fold by assenting to its creed, and without being required to forego the privilege, *as a politician*, of laboring to extend and perpetuate slavery. A man of this stamp, a Cuban filibuster for the last ten years, was lately elected assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School, and "more of the same sort," we hear, were introduced to the Church—without repentance of their pro-slavery sins, or any wish or intention to turn from them—during the late revival.

At the last annual meeting of the Church, a movement was made to pass a vote discontinuing the annual contribution to the American Board. An agitation followed which has not yet subsided, the question having been already discussed at several meetings and being still on the tapis. On Monday evening last, Mr. Beecher made a speech, casting the whole weight of his influence on the side of the Board, whitewashing its iniquities and openly sanctioning its course on the subject of slavery. If the reports in the daily journals do not greatly misrepresent him, it was a speech altogether unsound in principle and full of a truckling and compromising spirit. Mr. Theodore Tilton was to reply to him on Wednesday evening—an hour too late for notice this week. Our readers shall know the result of the discussion in due time.

NATHANIEL H. WHITING, an Abolitionist of 1835, is a Senator from the County of Plymouth in the Legislature of Massachusetts. He is a member of the Committee on Federal Relations, which will have charge of the petitions for a Personal Liberty law. He is an able writer, an eloquent speaker, and a man of unbending integrity.

LEGISLATIVE BOUNTY ON KIDNAPPING.

OUR readers are all familiar with the name of the venerable THOMAS GARRETT, of Wilmington, Delaware, and most of them know that, in the course of his life, he has aided more than 2,000 fugitive slaves in their flight from the Southern "house of bondage." Twice, we believe, he has been brought before magistrates and very heavily fined for his humanity. On the last of these occasions, the Court, after pronouncing a sentence, the execution of which would make him utterly penniless, took occasion to admonish him, and to express the hope that, having learned wisdom from his afflictions, he would in future forbear to furnish fugacious chattels with means for escaping from their happy homes. The brave old Samaritan thereupon, in open Court, declared that his mind and conscience were at ease in view of all that he had done, and avowed his purpose to repeat the offence just as often as he should have opportunity. "If any of you here present," said he, "know of any poor slave that needs food and shelter and help to escape from bondage, send him to Thomas Garrett, who, if necessary, will share with him his last crust." And the old man has been as good as his word. Probably there has not been a single week for ten years past in which he has not helped some poor negro on his way from slavery to freedom; and the fact that he has done so is well known to the people of Wilmington, and indeed of the whole State of Delaware and of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His name is a "household word" in every negro hut in that region, and slave mothers pronounce it with tearful reverence in their prayers. Soul-buyers and kidnappers, on the other hand, pour their curses on the old Quaker's head. Living in a slave State, where the laws against the negro are quite severe, he is still a prosperous merchant and a universally respected man. His trade with slaveholders is large, his credit in commercial circles and at the banks equal to that of any other man. Such is his reputation for integrity and punctuality that his word, wherever he is known, is as good as his bond.

Having given this account of the man, we call the attention of the reader to the following preamble and resolution, which were introduced into the Maryland House of Delegates, on the 17th inst., by Mr. Jacobs of Worcester County.

Whereas, at the 24th anniversary of the American Abolition [Anti-Slavery] Society, held in the City Assembly Rooms, in New York City, in May, 1857, a certain Francis Jackson, of Boston, Treasurer of the Society, reported that during the current year the receipts of the Society were $19,300, and of the auxiliary Societies of New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan $18,856, making a total of $38,162 from those sources; and whereas said American Abolition [Anti-Slavery] Society also received for the same year, as appears from said report, the further sum of $158,750 from the Exeter Hall Emancipation Society, in the city of London, Great Britain, and both of said sums make an aggregate of $197,912; and whereas *The London Times*, a newspaper of high repute on all questions involving the policy of England towards this country, distinctly declares that this money was given as a bounty on slaves, *i. e.*, to decoy them from their owners, and induce them to run away; and whereas a certain Hiram K. Wilson, of Worcester, in Massachusetts, did go into Canada, and take a census of all such runaway slaves during the winter of 1856, and reported their number at 35,000, since augmented to 45,000; and whereas a certain Thomas Garrett, of the city of Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, did attend the anniversary meeting as aforesaid in the city of New York, in May, 1857, and did there show by his books of record and entry where he had stolen 2,500 slaves and forwarded them North, per underground railroad; and whereas said Garrett did attend a meeting of Abolitionists held at the Assembly Building, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 17th December, 1859, whereat he stated that by his books of entry and record he had stolen and conveyed North, by the underground railroad, the further number of 386 slaves—since his report in May, 1857—making a total of 2,886 slaves stolen by said Garrett; and whereas the said sum of $196,912, bestowed upon said Garrett in May, 1857, and his large annual receipts per capita for every slave he can so steal, have made him rich in wealth and marked him as a wicked and base traitor to man and God; and whereas most of the slaves so stolen by said Garrett belong to citizens of this State, whose rights of property the State is sacredly pledged to secure inviolate;

Therefore, be it Resolved, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the Treasurer pay, upon the order of the Comptroller, the sum of ——— to any person or persons who may secure said Thomas Garrett in some of the public jails in this State; and that the Governor of this State, on information of such fact, is hereby requested to employ the best legal ability in the State to prosecute said Garrett to conviction and punishment.

The remarks of Mr. Jacobs, in introducing his resolution, are thus reported in the Baltimore *Patriot:*

"Mr. Jacobs then entered into a detailed explanation of the resolution, of the manner in which slaves are stolen from Worcester and other counties in that vicinity. He dwelt at some length upon pedlers, their tricks of trade, and the insinuating way they have of ingratiating themselves into the good will of negroes. He was particularly hard on Garrett, said that he was a traitor, and should be hung.

"About having slaves run off, Mr. Jacobs had experienced loss from that cause. He now had a man in Canada, who often wrote home begging for money and to be brought back. The poor devil was nearly starved, but could not come back, although he wanted to do so. Mr. Jacobs verily believed he was run off by 'old Brown.' Garrett, who sent his minions—the pedlers—throughout the country, pocketed the money for running them off. Mr. Jacobs denounced Garrett as an arch-traitor, a villain and guilty of every horrid crime. There were men that he knew who could convict the scoundrel, and he wanted him caught."

The resolution was laid over under the rules. It has been proposed, we learn, to fill the blank with $2,000, or some higher sum. Whether the Legislature of Maryland will offer this incitement to kidnapping remains to be seen.

GRAPE-SHOT FROM THE ARMORY OF FREEDOM.

THE following resolutions, discussed and passed at the Conventions lately held in Buffalo, Auburn, Utica, &c., will show that the faithful agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society are skilful marksmen, that they use none but the best ammunition, and know how to penetrate every covert of the enemy.

Resolved, That the American slave system is the "sum of all villanies"—a compound of all cruelties and crimes; robbery, adultery, piracy and murder, and whatever else is impure, unholy and accursed.

Resolved, That slaveholders, as such, have no rights which any human being is bound to respect—not even to life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness; but while remaining in purpose and practice slaveholders, they should be regarded as criminals and outlaws against humanity, whom Gen. Lafayette, Capt. John Brown, or any other righteous deliverer who believes in forcible resistance to tyrants, may lawfully and justly compel to release their prey.

Resolved, That our governmental union with such slaveholders is also a sin and crime—an atheistic rebellion against every principle of justice, and every law of Nature and of God; which no possible circumstances could have warranted in its formation, and surely no conceivable conditions justify in its longer continuance.

Resolved, That the first threat of disunion from the South should have been hailed with general joy by all the friends of the enslaved; inasmuch as the only assurance for the continuance of slavery is in the support it derives from union and alliance with the North.

Resolved, That the so-called governments of the slave States are but organized bands of thieves and robbers; living by plunder and piracy, on the avails of unpaid and unrequited toil; and therefore,

Resolved, That it is the solemn and imperious duty of the Senators and Representatives of the non-slaveholding States and Territories to return at once to their respective constituencies and take immediate measures for the formation of a New Northern Republic, that shall be indeed *Free;* an asylum for the oppressed of all nations; uncursed by presence of slaveholders, unstained by blood of slaves.

Resolved, That the Church of the slaveholding States, that permits and practises the breeding, buying and selling of God's own image like cattle, trampling down marriage and the whole family relation, forbidding its own Bible and all other books to the enslaved, is most emphatically the synagogue of Satan! And every Church and minister in the North that does not so regard and treat it is false to the Christian name and trust; and therefore unworthy of countenance, fellowship or support.

Resolved, That, cheered and encouraged by the experiences of the last year, in our effort to procure the enactment of a Personal Liberty law, to protect our State from the presence and ravages of the slave-hunter and kidnapper, we will persevere in petitioning the Legislature, until an object at once so just and needful shall be accomplished.

Resolved, That when Thomas Jefferson declared that "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that the slaves are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two forms of society cannot be perpetuated under the same government";

And Henry Clay, that "Until universal darkness shall prevail, it will be impossible to repress the sympathies and the efforts of Freemen in behalf of the unhappy portion of our race who are doomed to bondage;

And *The Richmond Enquirer*, "That the two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, coexist and endure. The one must give way and cease to resist—the other become universal";

And Wm. H. Seward, "That the collision between the two systems of labor in the United States, is an 'irrepressible Conflict' between opposing and enduring forces";

They did but echo the voice and decree of the eternal God: that between Slavery and Liberty there can be and shall be no concord; but everlasting separation, wide as the distance and difference between heaven and hell.

Resolved, That the Democratic party, in denying that doctrine, only asserts its own daring depravity and downright atheism—and the Republican party, whenever it shrinks from it, in a loyal homage rendered to slavery' under the demands of the Constitution, and especially when it selects its most compromising and conservative men as candidates for office, on the ground of *availability*, and in deference to their slave-breeding and slave-driving allies at the South, proves itself also unequal to the great conflict of the age; incapable of comprehending or contesting the struggle for freedom; and consequently, like the Democratic party, utterly unworthy of support.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the discovery at last made by the South, that even their Northern Democratic allies, with all their Union-saving demonstrations and other professions, are becoming wearied with slavery, and disgusted with their degrading service of it; and we beg to assure Senator Iverson, of Georgia, and others of the South who have spoken with him, that when he declared the Northern Democracy to be fundamentally wrong on the great principle of slavery, that, with the Black Republican party, "they denounce it as a great moral wrong and a social evil," that not a single Northern Senator recognizes the right of the Southern people to their property in slaves, he does but justice, in those declarations, to that growing abhorrence of slavery among the sober and reflecting of all classes and parties, which will, ere long, hurl it to destruction, at whatever cost to Constitution or Union.

Resolved, That we have read without surprise the Message of Governor Letcher, of Virginia, to the Legislature of that State, in which he insolently and insultingly recommends that "two most experienced statesmen be appointed to visit the Legislatures of those States which have passed laws to obstruct the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, and insist, in the name of Virginia, upon their unconditional repeal."

Resolved, That we trust our Legislature will deem such a threat, from such a source, a strong reason for hastening the enactment of a law that will preserve the State of New York, effectually and forever, from the prowling ravages of the kidnapper and slave-hunter.

Whereas, by recent decisions of the Postmaster-General, Northern newspapers have in several instances been excluded from the mails and post-offices of the slave States, on the charge of publishing and circulating "*abolition sentiments*," dangerous to the security of slavery and the general safety; therefore,

Resolved, That we congratulate the friends of the enslaved everywhere that in the New York *Herald* they have found a safe and zealous medium for the transmission throughout the South of the most powerful and eloquent utterances against the slave system of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Dr. Cheever and many other champions of liberty in both the hemispheres.

Resolved, That the thanks of American Abolitionists generally are due to James Gordon Bennett, Esq., for so earnestly espousing their cause in this hour of their trial and persecution by the government. How can we refrain from expressing our admiration at the almost superhuman skill with which he is able to freight his columns week after week with what are called the most "treasonable, murderous, incendiary, inflammatory and insurrectionary doctrines," and pour them all over the South, as unmolested as though they were sermons on the "Fall of Man" by our safest and soundest Doctors of Divinity, or the publications of the American Tract Society?

Resolved, That whatever other public journal shall be proscribed, we trust the New York *Herald* will be allowed the most uninterrupted circulation possible throughout the slave States, carrying as it does all the arguments of Helper against slavery—all imaginary encouragement to the slaves to rebel against their tyrant masters, in the spirit of our own Revolution of 1776; and assuring them, at the same time (though in that assurance we are compelled to differ with this *most veracious journal*), that the North is filled with men like General Lafayette and Capt. John Brown, anxiously and impatiently waiting to come to their rescue.

AMERICAN MEANNESS IN ENGLAND.

WE must regard it as fortunate that the meanness of the Government of the United States in denying the citizenship of colored persons born within her own jurisdiction (even though their grandfathers may have shed their blood in the Revolution) has recently been exhibited in Great Britain under circumstances which cannot fail to attract the attention of the whole civilized world. "A Barrister," in sending the following correspondence to the London *Daily News*, says: "I beg to forward to you a correspondence which has recently taken place between Miss S. P. Remond, a free-born American lady of color, with whom I have the honor to be acquainted, and Mr. Dallas, the American Minister in this country. I add a copy of her passport. You will observe that a visé to Miss Remond's passport is refused by the American Minister, on the sole ground that she is a person of color."

6 GRENVILLE STREET, Brunswick square, W. C., December 12, 1859.

SIR: I beg to inform you that a short time since I went to the office of the American Embassy to have my passport visé'd for France.

I should remark that my passport is an American one, granted to me in the United States, and signed by the Minister in due form. It states what is the fact, that I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in Massachusetts.

Upon my asking to have my passport visé'd at the American Embassy, the person in the office refused to affix the visé, on the ground that I am a person of color.

Being a citizen of the United States, I respectfully demand as my right that my passport be visé'd by the Minister of my country.

As I am desirous of starting for the continent, I must request an answer at your earliest convenience. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, SARAH P. REMOND.

The Hon. —. Dallas, American Minister,
24 Portland place.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON, December 14, 1859.

MISS SARAH P. REMOND: I am directed by the Minister to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 12th instant, and to say in reply, he must, of course, be sorry if any of his countrywomen, irrespective of color or extraction, should think him frivolously disposed to withhold from them facilities in his power to grant for travelling on the continent of Europe; but when the indispensable qualification for an American passport, that of the "United States citizenship," does not exist — when, indeed, it is manifestly an impossibility by law that it should exist—a just sense of his official obligations, under instructions received from his government as long ago as the 8th July, 1856, and since then strictly conformed to, constrains him to say that the demand of Miss Sarah P. Remond cannot be complied with.

Respectfully, your obedient servant, BENJ. MORAN, Assistant Secretary of Legation.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date.

The purport of your communication is most extraordinary. You now lay down the rule that persons free-born in the United States, and who have been subjected all their lives to the taxation and other burdens imposed upon American citizens, are to be deprived of their rights as such, merely because their complexions happen to be dark, and that they are to be refused the aid of the Ministers of their country, whose salaries they contribute to pay. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

SARAH P. REMOND.

PASSPORT.—I, the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass Sarah P. Remond, a citizen of the United States, and, in case of need, to give her all lawful aid and protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of my seal of the Department of State, of the city of Washington, the 10th day of September, A. D., 1858, in the 83d year of the Independence of these United States.

Department of State. LEWIS CASS.

This illustration of the American idea of Democratic Liberty and Equality must excite a profound disgust in Europe, and swell the tide of anti-slavery sentiment to which the ocean offers no barrier.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A fugitive slave arrived in this city from a Southern port, not many days ago, and contrived to get ashore without being discovered by the captain of the vessel in which he made his passage. He was very weak from confinement and want of food, and knew not where to go. He was found in the street by a policeman, who, erroneously supposing him to be drunk, took him to the station-house, where he imprudently confessed that he was a fugitive from slavery. Officer Terhune, incited by the hope of pecuniary gain, or by a patriotic desire to cement our glorious Union, took the poor negro before Justice Brennan, who held him while he (Terhune) hurried away to Capt. Rynders, to inform that faithful servant of the slaveholders that there was work for him as U. S. Marshal. Meanwhile, says *The Tribune*, Mr. C. S. Spencer and Mr. S. L. Macomber appeared as counsel for the negro, and, learning that he was held for drunkenness, offered to pay the fine, $10, to effect his release. The magistrate sent for the poor wretch. He came in, looking dreadfully downcast, as though he was going to the gallows. The usual questions as to his name, age and residence were put. When it came to the latter question, a cue from counsel caused him to brighten up in an instant, and, with renewed life, "New Hampshire," said he. "You may go," said the Judge, with a laugh, and in a few seconds the negro was again at liberty. Ten minutes later the policeman arrived, and handed a note to the Justice from Capt. Rynders, requesting him to hold the fugacious chattel till a master could be found for him. This was a very narrow escape indeed, but we believe the fugitive is safe.

In consequence of this occurrence, a Republican member of the Board of Police Commissioners introduced in that body a resolution to forbid policemen from engaging in the business of slave-catching. It was voted down, however, so that the police provided for this city by a Republican Legislature is liable henceforth to be employed as an agency for the arrest of fugitive slaves. One of the Republican Commissioners (Mr. Stranahan) was absent, and another (Mr. Bailey) refused to vote upon the question. Shame on him!

SLAVES GIVING A BANQUET.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Herald*, writing from Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 4, and speaking of the arrest and imprisonment of the Rev. Daniel Worth as an "incendiary," says:

"After Worth was convicted, the slaves of this place gave a grand banquet in honor of the event, to which the Court and Bar and many of our prominent citizens were invited. It was truly a magnificent affair, and the table would have done credit to a Fifth avenue palace. To show you the feeling of the negroes, a slave belonging to Colonel E. P. Jones, a large tobacco manufacturer of this place, remarked that he could read his Bible as well as Worth, and he prayed to the Lord to let all Abolitionists be hung, because if it were not for them the master would not be half as strict with the slave; and that he loved the Lord the best and his master next, and hated an Abolitionist worst and the devil next."

If "the feeling of the negroes" toward the Abolitionists is such as this incident would seem to imply, why was the Rev. Mr. Worth arrested and imprisoned? And why are the slaveholders so careful to prevent their slaves from meeting by themselves for consideration? And why are they unwilling that Northern people should have free communication with them? The only answers that can be honestly given to these questions are fatal to the argument which the above incident is intended to suggest. The whole system of Southern legislation in respect to slaves proclaims the conviction of the masters that they are *not* contented with their condition—that, on the contrary, they long for freedom, and would be likely to seek it by violence if the laws were not such as to make them despair of success. The "slave belonging to Col. E. P. Jones" is a shrewd fellow, no doubt. Having succeeded, by the zeal with which he entered into the arrangements for the banquet, in securing the confidence of his master, he will be ready to take his departure for the North on the U. G. R. R. at the first opportunity.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTIONS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

Our Convention at Utica, which was in progress at the date of my last to you, was, throughout, most successful and satisfactory. We had the largest, most intelligent and appreciative audiences we have ever had in that city. Messrs. PILLSBURY and ROBINSON and Miss ANTHONY spoke earnestly and eloquently, and were, as Friends say, highly "favored" in their efforts. The Rev. BERIAH GREEN was in attendance during a portion of the Convention, and, on Tuesday afternoon, gave one of the most eloquent and masterly addresses to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen.

The Utica Morning Herald published our resolutions, and also very good reports of our proceedings, prepared by Mr. BROWN, an editor of that journal. We are much indebted for most hospitable entertainment in the families of Messrs. Parker and DeLong, and Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Thompson.

Ex-Gov. Seymour resides in Utica. He is distinguished latterly as a skilful Union-saver. I fear that his influence is not as potent as the "impending crisis" demands. It is only three or four weeks since that the Union was put in great peril by one of its supposed best friends. In some unaccountable way, a fugitive from "service or labor," from one of our Southern States, appeared in Utica and called upon a U. S. Marshal (Depuiy, I believe) for assistance in journeying northward. We could reasonably have expected him to be as true to his Southern brethren as your Metropolitan Police, but, alas! his *human*, rather than his *official*, impulses prevailed, and he actually sent the guilty, ungrateful "chattel" to a well-known agent of the U. G. R. R., to proceed forthwith to Canada!

You will have noticed that the proceedings of our Utica Convention were a theme for comment in the House of Representatives at Washington last week.

On Thursday and Friday last, we held a Convention in Syracuse. You are, I believe, to have an account of this Convention from the pen of another correspondent. Suffice it to say that here, as at Utica, our audiences were much larger, and a much more hearty interest prevailed, than at our last Conventions in these cities three years ago. Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY presided in a very happy and efficient manner. It was the testimony of our friends that so stirring a radical anti-slavery meeting had not been held in Syracuse in many years.

But I must close this hurried note of our meetings. I will give you a word of our experiences here, and at Hudson, next week. Yours, very truly, A. M. P.

P. S. I hope many of your readers, in different parts of the State, are making preparations to be at the annual meeting at Albany, which commences on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 31. A. M. P.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23, 1860.

THERE was quite a scene—a disturbance—at one of our boarding-houses one morning during the past week. The keeper got very angry with one of his slaves, a young man of twenty, and took his revenge by selling the offender and his two younger brothers to a negro-buyer, who has shipped them to the far South. The two younger brothers were each sent upon an errand to different parts of the city, where they were quietly handcuffed and sent off. The eldest was openly handcuffed in the bar-room where he served, and it was this scene which stirred up the indignation of some persons present, who had never before witnessed any of the cruelties of slavery. Two Irish women, servants in the house, were wrought up to a pitch of indignation and wrath that would not bear restraint, and they poured out their condemnations of the peculiar institution in a style which would have greatly pained their countryman, Charles O'Conor, if he had been present. I allude to this little incident simply to illustrate the type of slavery which exists in the District of Columbia. To people who only look at the surface, who remain but a few months in Washington, negro slavery here seems to be a very mild kind of domestic servitude. The reason why it has this outside appearance is because there is so strong an element of "free society" among us. This causes the slaveholders to hide the more devilish developments of the institution from the common view. Punishments are secret, to a great extent, and no one hears of a negro sale. The deed is done in the dark, and the people know nothing of it, and call slavery here "a *mild* institution." Yet scarce a day passes which does not witness dreadful, heart-rending cases of the sale of a human being from all his associates and family relations to the far South, never to see them again.

Your readers will remember the case of a Dr. Boyd, who had his trial here last week for "negro-stealing." He was arrested in Maryland, driving a pedler's wagon with a negro concealed in a box, and he was on his way to Pennsylvania with all despatch. On his trial his counsel asked the Court for instructions that if the evidence showed that the prisoner was intending to free the slave or slaves in his possession, he must be acquitted of the charge of negro-stealing and found guilty only of abduction. As this doctrine had been laid down by a former Court, Judge Crawford gave the prayed-for instructions to the jury in very explicit language. Now, the evidence was plain as the nose upon a man's face that Boyd was taking the negro into Pennsylvania, for he was within thirty miles of the border, and was making all possible haste northward. There was no possible chance for an honest man to

it. This strange incident, and the appointment of Count Cavour to the Congress, with the permission of the French Emperor (again in opposition to his Foreign Minister), look favorably in regard to Italian liberty; but, as I need not repeat, we knew before that we were to be wooed to attend the Congress, and that no indication of the Imperial will at any one time is the slightest security against an opposite indication at any other. We are very civilly treated by the French at this moment; and the Italian cause looks rather better than worse than when I wrote last. So far, let us be thankful. Spain has not yet gained any glory in her attack upon the Moors; but her soldiers are brave, if her counsellors are not wise, or her officers experienced. She may, probably, at more or less cost, gain an advantage over the Moors; but to what end? The question seems to carry us back into a crusading age; and Spain has not in fact got beyond it.

You will hear by this mail of the death of Lord Macauley; and you will feel that you share the loss with us. He was the poet of historians, and a man of prodigious knowledge, political as well as other. His stores of knowledge are a sad loss; and we shall miss his brilliant faculty of representation; but it may be doubted whether he could have produced much more. His failures in accuracy, and his inability to confess his errors, and to bear the detection of them, have impaired the reputation not only of his history, but of himself. I will refer only to his mistakes, never retracted, about William Penn. He was weakened by ill-health; but he was also disheartened by criticism, of late years, and must have been conscious of decline in power and reputation. Quite independently of all calculations of loss and gain, however, we feel that we have lost one of the ablest men of the century. He died in a fainting fit, attendant upon heart disease, after celebrating his Christmas two days before.

A great event of a different kind, and also interesting to both countries, has distinguished the close of 1859—the appearance of a scientific work which, it is regarded on all hands, will constitute an era in Natural Philosophy and History—Mr. Charles Darwin's volume on "The Origin of Species." It is unnecessary to show that it involves some of the deepest questions which concern the human race; and its operation will be in proportion to its gravity. I will merely say here that it is perhaps the most perfect disclosure we have had for a long time, or ever, of the highest quality of the scientific mind. So it is regarded here. We wish you much satisfaction from it.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

LETTER FROM A NEW-YORKER IN PARIS.....II.

Extension of the boundaries of Paris—Modifications of the Tariff—British Free Trade—Cold weather, ice and skating—Smoking—Art Gossip—Sale of New Year's gifts—John Brown.

PARIS, Dec. 30th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PERHAPS one of the most notable things here at present is the immediate extension of the limits of Paris to the fortifications, by the removal of old-time barrier-walls, taking in the towns of Montmartre, Autenil, Passy, La Chapelle, Bercy, Genelle, Montrouge, the Batignolles of Clichy and Monceax, &c., making twenty instead of twelve arondissements, and adding greatly to the population. The circumference of the city will then be about twenty-eight miles. This is to take place on the 1st of January, and will not only simplify the collection of the city revenue in the form of the "Octroi," but it will be the means of the removal of the ugly-looking custom-houses at the gates, and also the wall which runs between two streets, a narrow one on the inside and a wide one on the outside. Already the new custom-houses are erected; but instead of immense piles of stone, like the old ones, they are modest, one-story structures, more like a porter's lodge. There has been an appropriation of twelve millions of francs for the commencement of these improvements of the exterior Boulevards.

The "octroi" duties have been revised, and, I believe, somewhat modified. Speaking of duties, I find it stated, upon the authority of M. Forcade, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, that an idea has lately been attributed to our (French) government, which, if accomplished, would powerfully contribute to restore a settled confidence between France and England. "We allude," says he, "to the modifications shortly to be introduced into our customs tariff, and which would have the effect of freeing from duty the primary articles employed by our manufacturers, and to reduce the duties on produce necessary to the food of the people. Such measures would not only be useful to our trade, and to the people, but would be the inauguration of a real policy of peace, of which the tendency would be manifest abroad." Whatever they may do, I hope they will give England real *British* free trade, and nothing else; not what they preach, but what they practise. With England it is never a fair reciprocity, but more like the white man who hunted with the Indian, and who, upon the division of the game, told the Indian, "I will take the turkey, and you may have the owl; or you may take the owl, and I will have the turkey!" "Ah!" said the Indian, "you never talk turkey once to me." Look at their duties on cheap French wines, and on cordials and liquors. On cordials and liquors, the gallon, £1 10s. and 4d.; ditto on eau de cologne, and, if in flasks, the bottle duty in addition, for the protection of their glass-blowers; on artificial flowers, 25 per cent.; wine in casks, all except Cape wine, the gallon, 5s. and 6d., more than twice the cost here of Bordeaux or "vin ordinaire"; hats or bonnets, 8s.; dresses, £1 10s.; velvet, the lb., 9s. The list of articles free of duty is so short that they may all be counted on the fingers, including coins and medals, diamonds and precious stones, not set; pictures and sculpture, of one's own performance, *being a British subject, not intended for sale*, and *ancient* vases. Not much chance for competition there! So much for English free trade. Nothing is admitted free except food, and raw materials for their manufactures, and yet, from *The Times* down, they are all the time preaching free trade; and from the sympathy expressed for France, one would think they were almost willing to supply her gratuitously, and as a matter of charity, if their goods were only admitted free of duty.

There was a greater degree of cold here for a few days than has been experienced for about seven years. The Seine was frozen over opposite the Tuileries on the nights of the 19th and 20th, and the basins of the fountains were sliding-places for the people. Filtered water for drinking, which is carted about the city and sold at two sous the pailful of three or four gallons, rose to ten sous the measure. It is to be hoped that ice will be cheaper the next summer than it was the last, as it was then sold for ten sous the pound. The ponds in the Bois de Boulogne were covered with skaters; and I am told that a tall, lithe, young American artist showed them, what Cunningham says Benjamin West showed the Londoners on the Serpentine, when a young man, nearly a century ago—what skating is! The sun on one of those cold days presented a singular appearance, resembling, in apparent nearness, an artificial sun made of Dutch gilt, on a light-gray blanket. The mercury fell only twenty degrees below freezing of Fahrenheit—not much for a Yankee in the dry air at home. Then came a thaw, and everything which had been under the influence of the external air was taken as with a cold sweat. The balusters and stairs were wet, and the painted walls and ceilings were dripping with smoky water, condensed vapor, of the color of liquorice-water, what, I believe, painters would call a beautiful color for a glaze to tone a garish picture.

One is struck with the amount of smoking among the people here. Gentlemen smoke in the carriage when driving with the ladies of their families on the boulevards or the Champs Elysees. When one has not time to finish a pipe or a cigar, he makes (of tissue paper, which is sold in little books of two hundred and fifty leaves, for five sous, and some cut tobacco, which he carries in a pouch) a cigarette. This operation requires considerable dexterity. Smoking is common on the top or imperial, but not in the omnibus. At some of the cafés there is a notice that smoking is not permitted till afternoon. At the most respectable restaurants gentlemen light their cigars as they rise from table, and smoke as they pass through the saloon where ladies are sitting. The manufacture of tobacco is a government monopoly, and they encourage its use—which is nearly universal—but not in the disgusting, expectorating, Dr. Spring form of that vice. I have never known a person here to chew, unless he was an American. Chewing-tobacco is hardly to be found at the shops, and they say they leave that filthy habit to sailors, who are not permitted to smoke. By the way, it seems to me it was not in good taste, to say the least, for Dr. Spring to flaunt his contumacy and contempt of the committee of the Tract Society in the faces of his fellow-members and the public. It may also prove a bad precedent. Suppose the Rev. Dr. B., who is esteemed a "bon vivant," and with whom Madeira is "an established," if not "a patriarchal, institution," should produce his decanter of "Old Southside" at a Society meeting, and invite those who agree with him to "use no longer water, but a little wine for their stomachs' sake," &c., in despite of the tract on temperance! What would venerable papa Tract Society say to his oldest child?

Since the annual exposition of pictures at the Palace of Industry, and that of the works of the late Ary Scheffer, I do not know of anything in art of much interest. I am told there was a very appreciative article on Scheffer and his works in a late number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but I have not been able to find it here, and therefore have not had the pleasure of reading it. His earlier works, though better in color, were comparatively feeble, and not remarkable, perhaps, in any respect; but his later pictures were severely and beautifully drawn, are full of deep sentiment, and are admirable for their exquisite feeling, as we had an opportunity to see in New York. We saw in the collection here an unfinished picture, partly in chalk outline, which showed either great indecision as to the design or laborious and repeated efforts in drawing. Some of them did not strike us as favorably as when they were exhibited separately; and the color generally, except where it seemed to accord with the subject—as in the Dead Christ—was disagreeably cold and rather dry. The loss to French art, and to the world, of two eminent painters like Scheffer and Delaroche is as great as the loss to science of the great English engineers, Stephenson and Brunel.

At the manufactory of the Gobelins, in addition to the reproduction of numerous likenesses of the Emperor and of the Empress, for the town-halls of the provinces, from Winterhalter's portraits, they are engaged in copying portraits, which have been painted expressly to be reproduced in tapestry, of some of the great architects, painters, sculptors, &c., of France, who deceased long ago, to fill the vacant panels in the Gallery of Apollo, at the Louvre. I was informed by an American artist that a picture of the Court of the Empress had been exhibited in New York as an original Winterhalter. As the picture was painted for the private gallery of the Emperor, and was only permitted to be carried to the engraver's, the presumption is that it was copied by some expert hand, at that or some other time. We were struck with the fact that those pictures seen in New York were not so highly finished, and were more flashy than those we saw by this painter in the exhibition here.

An American artist has in hand a picture which might be called an impromptu "Fête Champêtre," representing an accidental occurrence among the Zouaves, at the camp at St. Maur, last summer. It is a group of American ladies, gentlemen and children, with Zouaves, and a view of the camp through a vista in the wood of Vincennes.

There is at the studio of one of the most eminent of the French painters a "*grand*" unfinished picture (28 or 30 feet long) of the Baptism of the Prince Imperial. In the foreground of the picture is the Empress, with her maids of honor, one of whom is presenting the child to the Archbishop, who has his hand raised as if to "sign him with the sign of the Cross." At the right of the picture, behind the Empress, is Napoleon, with ladies of the Court, and attended by a retinue of soldiers and civilians, and in one of the aisles—for it is Notre Dame which is represented—is a long procession of mitred priests. Above, descending from Heaven upon a cloud, or hovering over the scene, with outstretched arms, as if bestowing his spirit upon the child, with a wreath around his brow, a *halo* around his head, *a sword at his side*, and an eagle under his feet, is a full length figure—of Napoleon I.!! Well, I think that, even to profane American eyes, that appears a strange spirit to descend upon a child in baptism, nearly approaching in conception what we call blasphemous; but I presume the painter was entirely innocent of any such intention; and it is peculiarly French.

One of the most celebrated of the French painters, having become tired of the studies hanging on the walls of his atteliér, recently took the whim of disposing of them to his pupils by auction. No sooner thought than done; on the spur of the moment he put them up, and signed them with his name, as each was struck off, for an inconsiderable sum, of from two or three up to three hundred francs. An American was the happy purchaser of one at the highest price. They will be invaluable as studies, and even in a pecuniary point of view are worth more than was paid for them by his admiring pupils. Some who were not present, as there was no intimation of what was coming off, regretted much that they had no chance for the slightest sketch in oil of the famous colorist, Couture.

Of our American painters, Mr. Cranch has some beautiful landscapes of Italian and other scenery, which are greatly in advance of anything he painted at home. A moonlight picture is as fine as anything of that kind I have ever seen. A sunlight effect also is magnificent in color. Mr. May, who has been here some years, has two historical pictures in hand of Columbus—one when he is explaining his notions of a new world, and the other, of life size, when he is making his will. This is better than I have ever seen of Mr. May's, and, I think, is calculated greatly to increase his reputation. It is to go home to the exhibition of the spring, but whether first to Philadelphia or to New York, I do not know. As you will probably see all of the above-mentioned, I shall say no more about them but to express the hope that you may enjoy them as much as I have.

The installation of the little shops for the sale of New Year's gifts took place on Sunday night last, and they remained to a late hour of the night. They are placed on the outside of the walks, and are erected with great rapidity, and garnish the boulevards and the principal streets on either side of the river. It is a yearly custom, to give the poorer classes a chance for the sale of New Year's gifts, at a small rent, and they are permitted to remain about fifteen days.

John Brown is dead. The last terrible act of the tragedy which has drawn upon America the gaze of the civilized world is consummated. If his ghost does not disturb the fevered dreams of the slaveholders, the memory of John Brown dead, and martyred for liberty, will do more, a thousand fold more, than he could, even in his most sanguine expectations, ever have hoped to do while living to break the chains of the enslaved.

Yours ever, NEW-YORKER.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

A SERIES of Anti-Slavery Conventions will be held as follows:

Troy.....Friday, Jan. 27
Easton.....Saturday and Sunday, " 28, 29

Addresses by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Sessions afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 o'clock.

The platform will be free to all candid discussion of the question.

Let there be a grand mustering of the hosts of Freedom, to provide, by the enactment of a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW, for protecting our State from the prowling kidnapper; and to remove the whole SLAVE SYSTEM, before God shall arise in His anger, and swell the HARPER'S FERRY scenes into a RED SEA deluge for the destruction of our worse than EGYPTIAN OPPRESSORS.

STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, at ALBANY, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1 and 2.

Speakers: WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, M. R. ROBINSON, LEONARD GIBBS, AARON M. POWELL, Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Convention to commence at 2 1-2 o'clock Tuesday, p. m.

Let every County in the State be represented. This surely, is the hour for the friends of Freedom to rally at the Capital, that our law-makers may feel the united voice of the Empire State for a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, ALBANY, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3d and 4th.

Addresses will be delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, J. ELIZABETH JONES, Mrs. TRACY CUTLER, and others.

First session to commence at 2 1-2 Friday p. m.

THE VIRGINIA GAME COCK.—Colonel Munford, Secretary of State of Virginia, in a political speech, a few days since, paid this compliment to ex-Gov. Wise:

"When calm and serenity prevail, he reminds me of the war horse of Job, snuffing the battle from afar; when danger is impending, he is like a game-cock trimmed and gaffed for the fray, ready to pitch into any bird that dares to crow in his presence. He stands proudly erect, *Vigilens et Audax*—watchful and ready for the conflict."

This is the Virginia ideal of a statesman in 1860!—this the level to which slavery has sunk the politics of the Old Dominion! The degradation of the State is seen in the fact that the things of which she ought to be ashamed are those of which she is proud and boastful.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE'S SERMON on the Harper's Ferry Invasion has been republished in London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, by JAMES REDPATH, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. Pp. 408. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge. New York: Sold by S. T. Munson, 143 Fulton street.

The appearance of this volume in so short a time after the tragic close of the life it records affords a striking example of the rapidity, if not the haste, with which books are manufactured in this country. In a little more than six weeks from the day that John Brown was executed, the facts of his life were collected from a great variety of sources, and the narrative written, stereotyped and bound, ready for delivery to thousands of eager purchasers. It would be strange indeed if work so rapidly performed did not bear decided marks of haste; but we can pardon defects of style and arrangement in a book prepared under such circumstances, if assured that its statements of fact are worthy of credit. On this point, we presume, there is every ground for confidence that could be reasonably demanded. Mr. Redpath says in his preface, "It is compiled from hundreds of sources—newspapers, books, correspondence, and conversations. Much of it also is a record of my personal knowledge. Materials came to me from all quarters."

The volume is divided into four Books, in the first of which we have an account of John Brown's ancestry, an autobiography of his childhood and youth (in the form of a letter to a little boy who had given all his pocket money to aid the old hero in his "Kansas work"), and a brief notice of his life from the time of his first marriage to the beginning of the struggle in Kansas, in which he took so prominent a part. The letter in which the old man records his own recollections of his boyhood is as charming for its simplicity and truthfulness as anything in the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and no one can read it without seeing in it a revelation of those noble qualities which have made the name of the author immortal. We would print it at once, *as the best means of promoting the sale of the biography*, if the publishers had not warned us that its reproduction in any shape would be regarded and treated as an infringement of their copyright.

In Book IId we have an account of Capt. Brown's labors and exploits in behalf of freedom in Kansas, and a vindication of his character from the aspersions of the pro-slavery press.

Book IIId contains an account of Capt. Brown's successful inroads upon slavery in Missouri—of his subsequent plans for invading other slave States—of the organization of the Provisional Government in Canada, and of the assault at Harper's Ferry. In the IVth Book we have an account of the trial, imprisonment and execution of the old hero.

The work is dedicated to Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry D. Thoreau, "who, when the mob shouted 'madman!' said 'saint.'" An excellent likeness of the subject faces the title-page.

This volume is to be followed by another, containing a minuter record of Capt. Brown's private life and correspondence, for which the materials are said to be abundant.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VIII: FUGGER—HATNAU. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This work is now, we suppose, about half completed. The present volume embraces a great variety of subjects in the various departments of Science, History, Law, Biography, the Mechanic Arts, Medicine, Music, Geography, &c., which, so far as we have observed, are treated with the thoroughness and impartiality that have characterized the previous issues. Among the Scientific papers we may mention the following: Fumigation, Galactometer, Galvanized Iron, Gas, Geography, Geometry, Gilding, Glass, Gun Cotton, Gunpowder, Gutta Percha.

Of the Historic Articles we note these: Gallican Church, Game Laws, Gaming, Genoa, Germany, Gnostics, God save the King, Good Friday, Gothic Language and Literature, Goths, Girondists, Great Britain, Greek Church, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Guerilla, Guillotine, Gypsies, Gypsy Language, Hartford Convention, Harvard College, Haverford College.

Among the living celebrities whose lives are sketched in this volume we mention the following: Rev. W. H. Furness, Joseph Gales, Ezra Stiles Gannett, D.D., Giuseppe Garibaldi, William Lloyd Garrison, Elizabeth C. Gaskell, Joshua R. Giddings, Henry Giles, George Gilfillin, W. E. Gladstone, Parke Godwin, S. G. Goodrich, John B. Gough, Hannah F. Gould, Horace Greeley, Adam de Garowski, Rev. Wm. Hague, D.D., John P. Hale, Sarah J. Hale, Fitz Greene Halleck, Gerard Hallock, Joel Hawes, D.D., Nathaniel Hawthorn.

Of deceased celebrities there is a long list, embracing the following among others: Robert Fulton, Freeborn Garretson, David Garrick, Ebenezer Gay, D.D., Elbridge Gerry, Edward Gibbon, Stephen Girard, Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, Oliver Goldsmith, Sylvester Graham, Henry Grattan, Horatio Greenough, Simon Greenleaf, F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D., Bishop Griswold, Madame Guyon, S. C. F. Hahnemann, Alexander Hamilton, John Hancock, Robert Hare, Warren Hastings.

"VANITY FAIR" is the name of a humorous and satirical paper that has just been started in this city, on the same plan as the London *Punch*. It has reached its fourth number, and we are glad to say that it is a very decided improvement on previous attempts in the same line. Our readers have not forgotten Lowell's hit (in his "Fable for the Critics") at a sorry abortion that made its appearance here a dozen years or so ago. He proposed, it will be remembered, a new criminal code, under which "every doer of wrong" should be shut out from the world with no other mental pabulum than that contained in certain "desperate books":

> "Petty thieves, kept from flagranter crimes by their fears,
> Shall peruse '*Yankee Doodle*' a blank term of years—
> That American *Punch*, like the English, no doubt,
> Just the sugar and lemons and spirit left out."

That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing harder to take than *Vanity Fair*. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves for a time in such companionship. There is in it a very decided flavor of the ingredients for lack of which *Yankee Doodle* was pronounced a failure. We hope it may live. The conductors say:

"*Vanity Fair* will be a humorous and satirical paper, a pleasant tonic to be taken once a week by the public—a corrective for what seems to us at present a rather dyspeptic state of society. The true mission of a satirical paper, such as we intend ours to be, is not exterminative, but reformative. Gentleness is quite compatible with courage, and, depend on it, more can be accomplished by good-humored raillery than envenomed wit.

"But Momus as well as Janus has two faces: one smiling and kindly, ready to laugh down Folly or to cheer on Merit; the other, stern and frowning, in whose glance Vice and Falsehood wither. We, too, have our black looks, we assure you. We can assume a very unpleasant expression of countenance when we are face to face with political tricksters, venal editors, public charlatans, silly authors, and all people whose stupidity necessitates their being treated as criminals. All these various inhabitants of *Vanity Fair* will find that we have what the French call an iron hand in a velvet glove, and that occasionally we can take the glove off.

"As a model, we can propose to ourselves none better than one of the knights of the old chivalric days. By a solemn vow he devoted himself to the cause of Truth and Virtue, and then, accompanied by a few brave companions, rode forth into the world to redress wrong. When he found Virtue, pining spell-bound in some dreary donjon, he slew the jailer and gallantly burst her bonds. When he espied the giant Vice, feeding upon the tender population of the land, he couched his lance and laid him in the dust. Wicked dwarfs and bad enchanters yielded to his potent sword; but, when he chanced to encounter the hero or heroine of some noble action, then, like a true knight, he sheathed his weapon, doffed his gleaming helmet, and did reverence to Merit."

The principal illustration of the fourth number is a negro casting his dark shadow over the whole globe. It would be truer to life if the negro were in chains, but it is a very suggestive picture as it is.

Vanity Fair is published by Frank J. Thompson, 113 Nassau street.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February contains the following articles:

Counting and Measuring.
My last Love.
A Shetland Shawl.
Roba di Roma—continued.
The Amber Gods—concluded.
The Poet's Friends.
The Memorial of A. B., or Matilda Muffin.
Some account of a Visionary.
The Truce of Piscataqua.
The Maroons of Jamaica.
The Professor's Story.
Mexico.
Reviews and Literary Notices.

"The Truce of Piscataqua," a characteristic poem by Whittier, we shall publish next week. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 817, opens with a review, from *Fraser*, of Tulloch's "Leaders of the Reformation." It contains additional chapters of the new story (begun the week before) of "Hopes and Fears," a review of Trollope's "West Indies and the Spanish Main," Part X. of "The Luck of Ladysmede," and several other interesting papers, besides some fine poems. Boston: Littell, Son and Co.

THE DIAL: A Monthly Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion. M. D. CONWAY, Editor. January, 1860. No. I. Cincinnati: 76 West Third street.

The first number of Mr. Conway's magazine is even better than our anticipations. We have read it with great satisfaction, and hasten to commend the work to those who would give hospitality to the newest, freshest and most vital thoughts of the age. The contents of the number are as follows:

A Word to the Reader.
The Christianity of Christ.
The Word.
The Sacred Dance.
Excalibur.
Amor Respicit Cœlum.
The Catholic Chapter.
The Two Servants.
The Lectures at the Mercantile on Statistics.
My Sculptured Palace Walls.
Poetry.
Critical Notices.

"EXCALIBUR" is a story in which recent events in this country are shown to have had remarkable parallels in ancient history. The reader will find it on the fourth page.

The editor, in his preface, "A Word to our Readers," describes very clearly the place which *The Dial* is intended to fill in periodical literature. We give a brief extract:

"Only that which is alive can impart life. And the magazine which we now introduce to our countrymen cannot live but by the life it can supply. Such reciprocal vitality, we believe, must depend on the degree in which it shall be representative of the Spirit of the Age—a phrase which we fear is too common-place to carry with it always its deep purport. What can the Spirit of an Age mean but that leading tendency, coördinating all interests, which gives to that age an individual character and a special strength? Why should not this individuality and speciality be as sacred in an age as in a man? Every faithful man has found God at the core of the special task assigned to his life; with no other friend than his work, he is upheld, inspired, empowered: there he is at home, there are the beacon-lights; there it matters not whether wind and tide be ahead or astern. So does God draw nigh to an age in the spirit of that age. Christ declared that out of his Word and Work should come a Spirit which should CONVINCE the world. The conviction of an age is its only possible Christianity: the deepest thing of its own time, Christianity must be the deepest thing of every time. To be alive and powerful, it must represent the conviction of the time that is, not of the time that was; it must not take a man whose every other sense and faculty is satisfied in the fulness of the Nineteenth Century, and set him, for the satisfaction of his religious sense, back in the Third; it must not place a man's holiest day of the week fifteen hundred years behind his other days."

"The soul which has had its new advent, and now has its star climbing the ecliptic, must needs organize itself into the members and features which worldly conditions have ever made necessary for a new-born spirit. It has built its Pulpit; it has ruled in the Lyceum; it has impressed as servants those who would not be its sons; it has married Science; it now calls for the Press.

"*The Dial* stands before you, reader, a legitimation of the Spirit of the Age, which ASPIRES TO BE FREE; free in thought, doubt, utterance, love and knowledge. It is, in our minds, symbolized not so much by the sun-clock in the yard as by the floral dial of Linnæus, which recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others; it would report the Day of God as recorded in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing up of old superstitions and evils; it would be a Dial measuring time by growth."

Mr. Conway deserves the support of the friends of untrammelled thought everywhere, and we hope that many may be incited by this notice to subscribe for his magazine, the price of which is $2 per annum.

ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL.—We learn that the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., has commenced the issue of a quarterly publication with this title. We have not seen it, but we know enough of Mr. Trask's sentiments to wish him success in this effort to abate the tobacco nuisance. Reader, send him a dollar, and receive in return 3 copies of this publication for one year. If they are not needed in your own family, distribute them among your neighbors.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOV. WISE AND MRS. MASON. Boston: Published by the American Anti-Slavery Society.

This is a tract which every Abolitionist will be glad to see, and which ought to be widely circulated. It is for sale at this office for 5 cents a single copy, 50 cents a dozen, $3.50 per hundred.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, our readers will not forget, is to deliver his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening next. Doors open at 7 o'clock—lecture to commence at 8. Admittance 25 cents.

AN EXHIBITION of the Children of the Colored Orphan Asylum will take place at the Cooper Institute on Friday, the 27th inst., at 7 1-2 o'clock p. m. The Exercises will be particularly interesting, consisting of recitations, lessons and singing. Tickets, 25 cents; children, half-price.

Summary.

FREE NEGROES IN MISSOURI.—*St. Louis, January* 18.—Governor Stewart has refused to sign the bill lately passed by the Missouri Legislature for the exclusion of free negroes from the State.

CIRCULATING HELPER'S BOOK.—Jesse Wheeler, formerly Surveyor of Guilford County, N. C., has been arrested for circulating sixty copies of Helper's Impending Crisis. Several persons have been arrested in Randolph County, N. C., on a similar charge.

Apprehensive of a large influx of free negroes expelled from Southern States, resolutions "for the protection of free white people" were introduced into the Legislature of Minnesota on the 9th inst., but voted down by the Republicans.

The Nashville (Tenn.) *Gazette* says that the bill introduced into the Legislature, a few weeks since, compelling all free negroes to leave the State, is declared to be unconstitutional, both by the opinion of eminent lawyers and of the people.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Florida *Key of the Gulf* announces that Lieutenant Maffit, United States Navy, was recently at Key West. Lieutenant Maffit was in possession of information that Captain Townsend, of the Echo, was about starting again for the coast of Africa for a cargo of slaves, and that he was to sail from Havana.

COMMERCIAL PROSCRIPTIONS.—*The Charleston Mercury* denounces the merchants of that city who maintain business relations with Claflin, Mellen & Co. of New York, because, it says, the partners in that firm all attend the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church. It, moreover, threatens to publish the names of the offenders.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND.—Mr. Hyatt desires us to say that he has deposited *twenty-five hundred dollars* in the Savings Bank for Mrs. John Brown and family, and that less than fifty photographs now remain to be mailed to subscribers, which will be done this week. The death of the artist who contracted to furnish the photographs, and other causes, have occasioned unexpected delays in their delivery.

HUNG.—We have been reliably informed that an incendiary was discovered in Clarendon District, taken in hand by a Vigilance Committee and hung. We have not heard the particulars. From the summary penalty inflicted, the evidence must have been very palpable and the offence heinous.—*Columbia South Carolinian*, 14th.

RESTORATION OF FUGITIVE SLVNES.—The Maryland Senate have passed resolutions requesting the Maryland representatives in Congress to take such steps as are necessary to call upon the government to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for the restoration of slave property belonging to American citizens that may be found in her provinces.

TRIAL OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT.—The Legislature of Virginia having authorized a special term of the Circuit Court for the County of Jefferson, Judge Parker has directed notice to be given that the term will be commenced on the 1st day of February next. It is understood that Stevens and Hazlitt, two of the Harper's Ferry conspirators, will then be tried.

THE BLESSING OF SLAVERY.—*The Atlanta Confederacy* says: "We regard every man in our midst an enemy to the institutions of the South who does not boldly declare that he or she believes African slavery to be a social, moral and political blessing. Any person holding other than these sentiments, whether born at the South or North, is unsound, and should be requested to leave the country."

Virginia is determined to put herself in a proper state of defence at any and every hazard. Before this reaches you, a bill will have passed both Houses of the Legislature, appropriating $500,000 for that purpose. It has already passed the House almost unanimously, there being only two votes against it; and to-day (Jan. 17) it was under consideration in the Senate, and will undoubtedly pass.—*Cor. Herald.*

The prayer of the negro at Richmond, when the Episcopal missionary bishop arrived there recently with his wife, whom he had married there, was rather expressive: "O Lord! we bress dy name for bringin' young missus back to de old home agin safe and sound. We bress dy name, too, for givin' of her sich a good husban'. O Lord! take good care of him; and, O Lord! as thou hast made him a *word-speaker* for thee, do thou, O Lord! be a *heart-stirrer* to him—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

ANOTHER DRED SCOTT CASE.—A somewhat interesting case, brought by one Virginia Barnett against a resident of Hudson County, in New Jersey, is noticed for trial at the present term of the Circuit Court of the said county, in which, among other matters, the right to sue will be brought in question, under the rulings in the celebrated Dred Scott case.

The plaintiff is a fine-looking half-and-half colored person, born and brought up in the family of Commodore Stockton, at Princeton, New Jersey. Her mother and father were slaves, who lived and died at Princeton, and the plaintiff in this suit seems to be the only surviving one of the family.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.—Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Ct., has recently preached a strong sermon against the use of tobacco, which produces quite a sensation. He exhibited facts and statistics showing its destruction of health and sanity, its demoralizing influence, and its useless expense. It costs the people of the United States over forty million dollars annually—far more than is spent for all purposes of education. New York city uses up daily $10,000 in cigars and $8,500 in bread. How a Christian could use it, sell it or cultivate it was what he could not understand. He predicted that the valley of the Connecticut would be blasted by it and become as barren as the old tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

WHIPPING FREE NEGROES IN MISSOURI.—Gov. Alexander, John F. Williams, Charles Johnson and Vincent Harris were fined and committed to jail in St. Louis for being in the State without a license. Being brought before the Board of County Commissioners, and unable to establish any right to reside in the State, Commissioner Tippett moved that the County Marshal be instructed to inflict ten lashes upon each of said negroes, and that then they be discharged from jail and ordered to quit the State unless detained for crime. Upon which motion a vote was taken and resulted: Ayes 3, nays 3. The President decided the motion lost.

Mr. William Howitt, in a note to the editor of the London *Star*, recommends all "who are desirous of listening to the very highest style of eloquence—eloquence embodying the greatest and noblest truths—to take the opportunity of hearing Rev. T. L. Harris, one of the greatest sacred orators that has ever appeared, and one whom all those who are engaged in attempting to elevate and Christianize the age ought to hear." Mr. Harris, he adds, is the medium of several volumes of poetry, *The Lyric of the Golden Age*, *The Lay of the Morning Land*, &c., than which there has been nothing finer since the days of Milton. This name will be recognized by New Yorkers as that of a clergyman who created no very profound sensation during his ministration here.

A NEWSPAPER AUTO-DA-FE.—The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* publishes the following letter:

OCCOQUAN, Va., December 26, 1859.

Dear Sir: You will discontinue your paper directed to J. Yelverton; the magistrates have burned it, and say they will continue to do the same if sent. Yours respectfully,

Editors Poughkeepsie *Eagle*. L. A. LYNN, P. M.

The Springfield *Republican* has received a similar token of Southern favor, and the Albany *Evening Journal* says that one of the most estimable farmers in Virginia has been driven from that State because a copy of the *Evening Journal* was found in his possession. When the Virginians have got rid of all the newspapers and school teachers, they will delight the heart of Governor Wise, who once blessed his stars that there were no teachers in Accomac. The ancient English governor, Berkeley, used to be of the same opinion when he managed the colony.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND WEEKLY PROSCRIBED.—*The North Carolinian*, of Fayetteville, N. C., says:

"We notice these periodicals upon our streets as numerous as ever, after it is ascertained that G. W. Curtis, one of the editors, is an infamous Abolitionist, and that one of the Harpers has given a large sum of money to the Brown sympathizers. Should these papers be allowed to circulate so profusely in our midst? We notice that his Honor Judge Saunders put a stop to the sale of these papers in Raleigh. We would like to know why they are not stopped here. Are we to see these abolition sheets upon our streets without a word or spoke? It lies with the proper officers to see immediately that these papers are put a stop to. We would also appeal to the readers of these papers, and ask them is their course consistent with their professions of loyalty to their homes, and opposition to the fanatics of the North? Ah! gentlemen, acts speak louder than words."

STILL THEY COME.—Since the affair at Harper's Ferry, the Underground Railroad has been in good working order, and doing an immense business. Last week we had the pleasure of assisting on to Canada a fine specimen of the "human chattel," who had just arrived on the U. G. R. R. from Charleston, S. C. He soon found employment in Grimsby, C. W., in a blacksmith-shop, and proved so handy at the forge and horse-foot that he was offered $1 per day and board for his services. In a letter he has sent us, he says the very hammer seems to have a different ring, now that he is free.

This week, George Wait ($1 600 more of the same species of property), formerly of Norfolk, Va., but now of Canada, came along. He had escaped from that city on board of a vessel, and on arriving at New York had a narrow escape from being sent back. We have already noticed his case in that city, and this week he is again mentioned by *The Evening Post*, in another column. While sitting in our office, waiting for the train to take him to Canada, one of our Republican friends happened to call in, and, hearing his story, immediately started out and raised him a snug little purse. We need not say that the poor fugitive was grateful for the gift, and that he went on his way rejoicing.—*Frederick Douglass's Paper, 20th.*

SAMPLES OF COTTON FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE, WEST AFRICA.—Mr. J. Aspinall Turner, M. P., has kindly forwarded to the offices of the Cotton Supply Association, Manchester, an interesting case of samples of cotton and cotton yarn, which he has just received from Dr. Livingstone. The sample of cotton is excellent; but the most surprising sample is a ball of yarn spun by the natives, weighing 16¼ oz., the cost of which is one foot of calico, or one penny. The other samples of yarn are well spun and very strong. This cotton was grown in the valley of the Shire, which is one hundred miles long by twenty broad. The natives spin and weave it for their own use, and we are informed that so abundant is the cotton in this valley that a vast number of cotton trees are annually burned to the ground. The navigation of the Zambezi and the Shire is open to this cotton valley during a great portion of the year. It is evident, therefore, that a large supply of cotton may be readily obtained from this part of Africa, by the adoption of an effective agency. Dr. Livingstone deserves the utmost support, both of the government and of his countrymen, in his most zealous efforts to develop the vast productive resources of the regions he has now opened to commercial enterprise. The samples above referred to are on view at the offices of the Cotton Supply Association, Manchester.—*Manchester Guardian.*

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS IN VIRGINIA.—In our last paper, under the head of "Political and Personal," we briefly noticed the arrest of John H. Gargas and Thomas Crux, in Fairfax County, Virginia, charged with circulating incendiary documents—Helper's book particularly. They were held to bail in large sums to answer at Court. We learn from the last number of the Fairfax *News* that Mr. Gargas was tried for the offence before a "called court," consisting of five Justices. It appears that Mr. Gargas is a postmaster in Fairfax County, and handed out one of Helper's books, received by mail, to a citizen of the neighborhood, being of course ignorant of what it was. This coming to the ears of the Virginians, they determined to act at once in the spirit of Postmaster-General Holt's decision, authorizing the robbery of the mails. However, at the trial, after hearing the testimony, the Court concluded to discharge Mr. Gargas. Mr. G. is nearly connected with the

Miscellaneous Department.

From the London Once A Week.

THE THREE MAIDENS.

THERE we three maidens met on the highway;
The sun was down, the night was late;
And two sang loud with the birds of May,
"O the nightingale is merry with its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Why walk you there so still?
The land is dark, the night is late."
"O, but the heart in my side is ill,
And the nightingale will languish for its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Of lovers there is store,
The moon mounts up, the night is late";
"O, I shall look on no man more,
And the nightingale is dumb without its mate."

Said they to the youngest, "Uncross your arms and sing;
The moon mounts high, the night is late";
"O, my dear lover can hear no thing,
And the nightingale sings only to its mate.

"They slew him in revenge, and his true-love was his lure;
The moon is pale, the night is late;
His grave is shallow on the moor;
O, the nightingale is dying for its mate.

"His blood is on his breast, and the moss-roots at his hair;
The moon is chill, the night is late;
But I will lie beside him there;
O, the nightingale is dying for its mate.

"Farewell, all happy friends, and my parents' kiss for me;
The morn is near, the night is late;
He bids me come, and quiet be—
O, the nightingale is dying for its mate!"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXV.

MADGE was very thoughtful as she rode home. Her father had rarely seen her so quiet and silent. He could not arouse her. Even when they sped along, in a swift gallop, he missed her wonted exhilaration of spirits. The various efforts which he made to rally her failed of their object.

"What had Helen to tell you, dear?" he inquired, as resting from a mile's swift gallop, with loosened rein they walked their horses slowly through a quiet part of the road.

"She is going to be married, papa, very soon."

"To Mr. Norton, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"When?"

"In a few weeks."

"I hope she may be happy, and yet I question it. If my judgment is not wrong, Mr. Norton is not the man to make a suitable husband for a pure and delicate-minded Southern girl."

"Why, papa, he is one of the most agreeable gentlemen I ever knew; highly cultivated, of gentle and kind manners, and, Helen says, full of affection."

"This outward seeming is very fair, but I distrust it. Let us know him better first. The villagers have none too much respect for him."

"Oh, they would suspect him because he does not believe in slavery. I love to hear him talk. He has made Helen an Abolitionist."

"Pity he couldn't make something better out of such good material!"

"*Papa!*"

"Well, darling, we shall see what her slaves will make of *him!*"

"I can tell you what *he* and Helen mean to make of them."

"What?"

"*Human beings*; free men and women."

Col. Vertner broke out in a prolonged burst of laughter, the wild peals and echoes of which floated off and back from the ridges of leafless forest trees and died mockingly in the distance.

"Helen told me so to-day."

"Did she, dear child? Well, I dare say she thinks so, simple girl that she is; but she will learn, so will my little Madge, that a man don't lightly throw away forty thousand dollars."

"Who said anything about a man's throwing away forty thousand dollars?"

"Well, forty-five or fifty negroes certainly represent that much money, particularly in the present high and prosperous state of the slave market."

"Papa, you make me sick with such shallow and disgusting talk. Why, you are not any better than that negro-trader whom I saw in the town jail. You are every bit as vulgar in your ideas."

Upon my word, you are complimentary. But, I want very much to know, Madge, where you learned this sort of reasoning."

"Human reason, you mean. Well, papa, I am a human being, not a pig, and so I claim to have reason, sentiment, emotion, if you will, which I believe distinguishes men and women from brutes."

"You make a strong statement, my dear," he smilingly answered.

"Is it not true?"

"As a generalization, certainly it is; but I see how you mean to apply it and then I take issue against you; however, we will not discuss these ugly matters now. Let us have a pleasant ride home and a pleasant talk."

"I'd rather speak of this. It is a subject that lies nearest my heart."

"I wish it troubled you less."

"Papa," she answered, without observing his remark, "suppose that pretty seamstress, at whose door I once found you, and whose fine face comes over my thoughts often now, was a slave, would she not bring a high, a very high price in the market? Doesn't the slave buyer pay a premium in such cases for beauty, mind and character? Can you tell me in what our morality is better than that wretched code of Turkey, or Circassia?"

Madge had not looked toward her father while saying this, or she would have been startled by the exceedingly painful and harrowing expression as well as the ghastly paleness that overspread his face. Col. Vertner was a strong man, a bold and brave one, full of vigorous passions, and not wont to give up to fright or agitation; yet Madge, in her unsuspecting innocence, had touched upon a sensitive chord of his heart, which now went moaning and wailing through all the secret places of his nature, even as the Æolian harp vibrates when swept by the fingers of the straying wind. Col. Vertner was not a bad man, nor yet a good one; had he been brought up under the finest and best social influences, it is quite likely he would have been a remarkable character, for there were flashes of feeling, touches of sentiment and nature which gave indication of the susceptibility of his disposition and mind; but, growing up beneath the fostering influence of a society which recognized a wholesale wrong and encouraged and supported the worst of evils, how could a pliant and yielding nature become other than ruined for life? The very diamond owes much of its beauty and brilliancy to the skill and taste of the cutter. So also society is the lapidary which fashions and shapes character according to the prevailing mode, sometimes so skilfully carving a gem that each little cone and facet are made to sparkle and refract; or again so clumsily hewing and rounding as to obscure half the jewel's glory.

Without observing her father, Madge continued:

"And that poor guide at the Mammoth Cave, what a terrible injustice it was to retain such a person in slavery. Why, papa, he was almost a scholar. Mr. Butler said he was one of the best practical geologists he ever knew, and that he himself learned a great deal from him."

"Yes, dear, Stephen was one of those exceptional characters we sometimes meet. But such geniuses are rare as diamonds. Occasionally we find a remarkable intellect flashing out from the gloom and ignorance of the negro race, shining all the brighter for the darkness by which it is surrounded. We, however, estimate a race in the aggregate, not by chance and rare specimens."

"But, papa, may we not argue a great deal from one or two specimens? A whole gold mine is sometimes discovered by chance particles found in the dust."

Thus they whiled away their half-hour's slow ride homeward, in pleasant and quiet conversation.

Soon after reaching "the place," Madge, who seldom found her mother an agreeable companion, returned to her own room. She was more thoughtful and silent than usual. But not liking and scarcely understanding the mood, she needs must—like all active persons—occupy herself with some sort of manual work; and taking down her rifle and pistols, she began cleaning them nicely, all the while humming a low air to herself, and gradually growing more and more cheerful.

"Come in," she called out, in answer to a low knock at the door.

"Well, Daniel, what is it?" she inquired, almost without looking at him.

"Please, miss"—he stood fumbling at the door knob, with his eyes cast down—"please, miss, I'll clean them for you."

"No, thank you; can do it best myself; I am really in want of something to do."

"You'll git your nice hands all siled with that 'ar."

"Why, Dan, you know I always clean my guns myself. What makes you so polite?"

"Nothin', miss; I only wanted to do dat 'ar fur you."

He lingered a moment, eyeing his young mistress wistfully; then, with apparent reluctance, withdrew.

At first, Madge did not heed this, but after awhile it occurred to her mind that Daniel's manner was strange.

"What," she said to herself, "if he had something particular to say to me? He had a strange expression of countenance. I'll send for him."

As she was about to ring the bell, Daniel opened her door.

"Oh, you have come—by instinct," she added, in a lower tone; then, speaking louder, "Well, Daniel, this is proxy work. You may clean that gun," pointing to one.

"Thankee, Miss Madge; I thought may be you might git tired, so I come back to see."

Crouching down upon the floor, he began to rub away quite industriously at the plated mounting of the gun, but his interest in his work soon began to flag, notwithstanding his young mistress plied him with questions about the affairs of "the place"—even ventured to joke him about his courtship with Ruth, and asked when the wedding was to come off.

"Laws, Miss Madge, I don't know as it will ever be. 'Pears to me I kinder think a slave had best never marry."

"And why?" she asked, looking him steadily in the face. The negro halted, stammered, then, gathering up all his courage, said, with a quick and rapid breath, "Slavery is mighty hard to bar, young miss, by your own self, but worse when you has a family."

Madge walked up and down the room two or three times, evidently in great agitation; then, going close to the negro, said, in a quick, *staccato* tone, "Dan, why don't you run off?"

"Oh, Miss Madge, Miss Madge, if I dars to tell you, dat is what has bin a-runnin' in my head for a long time, ever sense I overhearn you a talkin' longer miss 'bout Milly and Jack, and said you didn't blame 'em. *If I should be caught*, thar's the bother. Then, I've no money, an' they tells me you had better not start widout some change in yer pocket."

Madge was silent a moment or so; she stood with her finger pressed upon her half-parted lips, her eyes wide open, as if searching through space for a solution to the questions which an anxious heart and an excited brain were proposing.

Daniel, who did not fully understand his young mistress, feared that he had gone too far and began to repent his precipitate confidence.

"If I has said anything wrong, Miss Madge, I hope you'll excuse it."

"Hush, hush," she whispered, as she waved her hand toward him, but did not turn her head or move her fixed eye.

A moment or two of bitter suspense went over the slave's soul. Madge turned toward him, took out her purse, and counted ten dollars in small coin, saying,

"There, Daniel, there is all the money I have; take it; and if it buys you a safe passage to freedom, I shall think it worth more than hundreds to my heart. Take that pistol also; load it well; and here, bide this little sword in your bosom. Defend yourself bravely against those who attack or seek to recapture you. Now start for Canada when you please. Follow the North Star, and my blessing go with you. Don't say anything more to me about the matter, for I am now plotting against my father. Your secret is safe with me."

"*Oh, Miss Madge!*"

"Hush, no thanks; I have done all I can for you. Go now and say no more to me about it. I do not even wish to know when you intend to start."

Waving her hand to him, she turned away, walked to the window and looked out.

He obeyed her, and left the room without saying another word. When he had, however, closed the door and was no longer in the presence of his mistress, his deliverer and his friend, his courage failed him; he broke down; his heart poured out blessings and tears. He paused a moment upon the threshold; then, slowly, noiselessly opening it, be crept up to Madge, knelt down and fervently kissed her foot, then stole away without word or sob. But Madge, who was fully conscious of his gratitude, felt a dampness upon her thin satin slipper and knew that the slave had wept his thanks.

"Dear papa," she murmured, "I wonder if I really do *him* a wrong? God knows how I love him; yet there is a little voice deep down in my heart which pleads so strongly for the slaves. I *can't feel* that I do wrong in thus conniving at and aiding them in their escape."

She was not wont to grieve or ponder long. She only thought in action, never planned or arranged beforehand; and now that she had acted, the matter was put entirely from her mind, and she set to work with a lighter and a happier heart. A good deed performed in behalf of another is the best medicine for sadness or low spirits.

A great impetus was given to poor Daniel's life; and he moved about that day as though his body had been set on springs. His mistress, who was wont to complain of him, even unbent her quiet dignity sufficiently to praise him. Ah! little did she know whither his thoughts were travelling, or what proud, sweet hope was now animating and blessing him. Could she have looked upon him late that night, when, making up a small bundle, and stealing softly out of the cabin, he stood for one moment in the still starlight, and gazed around him, for the last time, at "the old Kentucky home," where, after all, he had passed some pleasant hours, and, with his hand on his heart, and his breath stilled, he fled away from it forever, to seek "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—on British soil. If she could have looked at him then, we say, she would have found him there a *man*; hitherto she had only known him as a chattel.

We will state here—for we shall not again see him—that Daniel reached the Canadian shore in safety, and, as we learn, lived long and happily, without one regret for this ill-advised leap.

Daniel's departure created a very slight surprise at the place. Col. Vertner swore one of his "*neat*" (?) little oaths. Mrs. Vertner expressed a desire that all the negroes might follow; for, she declared, "they were nothing but a ceaseless trouble and a dead expense upon her husband's hands"; whereupon, Madge suggested that if such was her mother's belief and wish, she thought deeds of manumission had better be drawn up at once. This, of course, was called impertinence. The slaves gossiped about it; and many a timid one shook his head, saying,

"Oh, Daniel will be sorry for die afore long; dem hounds is sure to git him."

Madge sought her father at the first convenient moment, and extracted from him a promise not to advertise Daniel.

"Papa, may I trust you?" she asked, with earnestness, as she stood beside his chair in the library, where they had but a short while ago had such a fierce and exciting interview. But though once so egregiously deceived, she was too young and confiding not to quickly renew her faith in one whom she loved.

"What ardently we wish we long believe,'

is particularly true of the young.

Preparations for Helen Mason's wedding were now in active progress. Madge spent most of her time in town, and at Mrs. Mason's house. She and Helen were constantly with milliners, dressmakers, &c. Madge grew tired enough of satin and lace.

"Oh, Helen," she warmly exclaimed, "getting married costs you a great deal of useless trouble. I can't see any possible use in all this preparation and spending such frightful sums of money. It is just one of those nonsensical fashions which quite puts me out. Why are you obliged to have a trousseau? I'd just as lief be married in my old riding-habit as that lace and satin dress you have there. It's too absurd."

"Miss Vertner will not think so when she comes to be married," interposed the sapient dressmaker.

"Yes, I will, if ever I am married."

"Ah, Madgey," exclaimed Helen, smiling, "don't you recollect one certain evening, at the Mammoth Cave, how a certain independent and careless young lady suddenly became very fastidious about her dress? After making quite a superb toilet, this same indifferent young lady complained that her sleeve was awry, or that the set of the waist was imperfect, quarrelled with a stiff and unyielding whalebone, made war upon a set of graceful ringlets, declaring them to be limpsey, and"—

"Fie, Helen, you are crazy; do hush; don't worry me so. I know what and who you mean." And Madge hid her blushing face upon her friend's shoulder.

Though Helen looked so entirely recovered from her recent attack—though she moved about with such a buoyant and elastic step—though her eye was so lustrous and her cheek and lip so rosy and full, the physician, who still called, looked at her with a questioning, doubtful eye: he was very precise to count over and over again her pulse, and warned her, in the strongest terms, to be very cautious about much exertion; not to sit or stand where there were any particles of floating dust; to watch and guard the temperature of her chamber; sleep with a high pillow, &c., &c. All this Madge anxiously heard and understood.

One day she followed the Doctor out of the room down to the front door; large tear drops hung on her eye-lashes, when she inquired, with a nervous voice,

"Doctor, is she very ill?"

"Not ill, Madge, but"—he looked round to assure himself that no one was within hearing—"but she is failing very fast; one lung is entirely gone and but a shred of the other remains. Her life can only be held by the greatest care. Do caution her against over-exertion."

Madge's heart trembled as though a great and unexpected blow had fallen upon her. She went into the little breakfast-room, sat down upon the sofa and wept bitterly.

"So much trouble seems crowding upon my life," she murmured; "what *will* come next? Am I the gay and happy Madge Vertner of six months ago? I can scarcely believe it. How quiet and tame I am. Silk and Rover seem to feel that *I* have changed; and so I have. Experience is a harsh teacher; she is making me old and unhappy; my life of wild woods frolic was happier. I'll return to it—give up social friends—go back to sports; Silk and Rover shall be glad again."

She dried her tears before Helen found her; and when they again sat together playing with their work, laughing and chatting amid gauze, lace and satin, no one could have guessed that, an hour before Madge had been weeping violently. The troubles of petted youth are but April showers, and the sunshine of a genial humor paints a rainbow on the canvas of each retreating cloud!

THE FUTURE.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THERE are in Egypt 300 miles of railroad. When the running of trains was commenced mummies were used for fuel, and are said to make a very hot fire. The supply is inexhaustible, and they are used by the cord. What a destiny! Think of devoting one's existence to providing fuel for a locomotive.

EXCALIBUR.*

A STORY FOR ANGLO-AMERICAN BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

"Paradise is under a canopy of swords."—MAHOMET.

IT was Christmas-eve at Kenmore. The last of its gleaming fruit had been stripped from the Wonderful Tree which blossoms but once a year; the last wax-candle was flashing up with flickering light upon the arch bending over it, on which, shaped in moss, were the words,

LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

The little palates had feasted on sugar-plums, and the little eyes on toys, to satiety; the yawn was becoming frequent, though the evening was scarcely begun. At this moment, when the children were, like the ancient monarch, ready to give the largest reward to one who could invent a new pleasure, the genial face of Uncle Paul came like a sun-burst through the door. In an instant he was fastened on by three young parasites clamorous for "a story." There is no more lineal descendant of the daughter of the horse-leech than your story-loving youngsters of nine, eleven and fourteen; of which ages we speak with confidence, because they are the respective ages of little Edith, Arthur and Alfred Edgarton, who now bound Uncle Paul a victim on their altar.

Uncle Paul—What shall I tell you a story about?

Arthur (eagerly)—Tell us about kings and queens.

Alfred (hesitatingly)—Yes, do; and about Christian in Pilgrim's Progress.

Edith (drowsily)—Uncle Paul, *do* tell us about Cinderilla.

Our avuncular Gulliver gave a glance of despair at the pinions with which the Lilliputians had bound him, looked up at the parents, who, with a heartlessness quite common to parents, smiled on his immolation with a complacency which forbade hope in that quarter, then made a desperate effort at escape by asking to see the Christmas gifts. The boys straightway charged upon him with trumpets, fifes, drums, guns and swords, as if he had been a Malakoff over which their banners must float; but little Edith, who had the *coigne d'advantage*, being in his lap, foreclosed all other views by thrusting up two immense wax dolls, which he saw eye to eye and nose to nose. But Arthur, almost at the cost of a quarrel with this monopolist, would have his sword looked at; and, indeed, Uncle Paul seemed to think it worthy his determination, for he looked at it long and carefully. Arthur looked on in proud and the others in jealous silence, as the old man looked over the bit of painted wood from hilt to point again and again. He said, presently, "There was once another Arthur who had a very famous sword: how would you like to hear a story about that?" An eager assent from the children meeting this proposition, Uncle Paul began:

"The sword of which I am going to tell a story belonged to an ancient king who lived more than 1300 years ago, and whose name was Arthur. The name of the sword was EXCALIBUR."

The Three—What does Excalibur mean?

Uncle Paul—It is not quite certain; for in the old books it is spelt in different ways, sometimes Escalibore, then Scalibur, Calibur and Eclabure. It is likely that it means a sword of *Calibre*.

The boys were too proud to manifest any ignorance of this last word, which was uttered with an air of simplicity, but Edith, with whose sex curiosity overrules pride, gave signs at once of not being at all satisfied. So, in answer to her question, Uncle Paul said, "*Calibre* means the sort or kind; EXCALIBUR, as the name of a sword, would mean a sword of excellent quality. The sword of King Arthur was a sword that never struck but for justice and honor. It was said that its blow never failed of its aim: perhaps that means that no blow struck for honor and justice ever fails.

This King Arthur was a noble and virtuous prince in the midst of a barbarous age and land. He was justly called *flos regum*—the "flower of kings." In that early age, when there were scarcely any laws, and very little chance of trying people for crimes in courts, the protection of innocent people, the defence of women and children, depended upon the swords of men brave enough to stand or fall for the right against the wrong, and hold their shields between the oppressor and the oppressed. This was not a good state of society, but in the end it made some strong men—men worthy to be called, as they afterwards were, SAXON, or men of rock.† The laws and court-houses take a good deal of the bravest and truest work off of our shoulders, and the strength that it begets out of our hearts. King Arthur, in order that this should be well done throughout his kingdom, called about him the bravest and truest knights; they lived with him in his palace; and they were called The Knights of the Round Table. They still show in England a large, round, black table, about which, they say, sat these knights. They each and all took a solemn oath that every drop of blood in their hearts should be ready to fall in the defence of the weak against the strong! And many were the glorious deeds they did, many the stirring adventures with which they met. Perhaps, some day, I shall tell you more of them. I must now tell you about the sword. The story runs that it was not wrought by human hands. A nymph down under the sea spent nine years in making it; and when she had made it silver-bright, and made it of edge invisible for fineness, she searched all through the sea for rarest pearls and gems to ornament its hilt It partook of the strength of the strong sea, and the freedom of the winds and waves was in its temper. Then the nymph kept it to herself until a man should arise on the earth brave and true and strong enough to wield that sword.

When King Uther died, it was believed that he had no son to sit on his throne, and so a great many knights came forward presenting their claims on the throne. Now, it was really the case that Uther's wife, Igerna, had borne him a son before they were married, and, because of the shame, the child, whose name was Arthur, was given to the wife of a nobleman named Antour to bring up as her own; and the king died without disclosing that he had a son living, whilst his wife Igerna knew not where the child had been taken, or whether it was alive or dead. Great then was the strife and discussion as to who should be king. So high did the strife run that, on Christmas-eve, the good bishop came amongst them, and said that, as no decision was likely to be reached by human means, it would be well for them all to put up their prayers that Providence might send down some sign which should point out the one who should be their king. The holy father's advice was adopted—they all began to pray; and, strange to say, when they went out from the service, they found at the church door a miraculous stone; and in this stone was fixed, as in a vice, a gleaming sword, on the hilt of which were engraved the following words:

"I am called Excalibur,
To a King a fair treasure:
In the hand of my true King—
Carve iron, steel, or anything!"

It was at once agreed that this was the token from Heaven for which they had been praying, and decreed that whoever should be able to draw the sword out of the stone should be proclaimed king at once. Many were the hands which labored to draw it out; but the sword resisted the efforts of each one who had been contending for the throne. So there remained at the church door the stone holding its sword.

Now the young Arthur had grown and prospered under the care of Sir Antour. He was a child of great nobility, fair, courteous and strong, but had been kept in perfect ignorance of his high birth. Arthur being of a noble presence and ability, was taken as squire by his foster-father's son, who was named Sir Kay. This knight, on one occasion, being in a battle, broke his sword, and was forced to send young Arthur to his mother for a new one. Arthur hastened home, but did not find the lady; he had, however, observed near the church a sword sticking in a stone, and, on his return, galloped to the place, drew it out with ease, and, perfectly unconscious of having performed a mighty feat, delivered it to his master. Sir Kay, who knew the sword and its value at once, made Arthur swear to be secret as to what he had done, and then showing the weapon to his father, declared that he would claim the throne as if he had drawn out the sword. Sir Antour insisted that his son should repeat the feat; and Kay, who supposed he could draw it out easily again, readily replaced the sword in the stone—but, lo! it stuck there as immovably as ever. Poor Kay was very much ashamed, and had to confess to his father that he had received the sword from his squire, Arthur. Sir Antour informed Arthur that his drawing out the sword made him King of England! He also told the Bishop what Arthur had done, and the ghostly Father summoned an assembly before which the feat was several times repeated. So an early day was proclaimed for the coronation of Arthur as king.

But the knights and princes were jealous of the young king, and resolved to make resistance; so on the day of the festival they tried with their retainers to seize Arthur's person. Then they found that the trusty Excalibur was not only able to make a king, but to defend one; for the rebels were utterly routed. And of all the knights who remained true Arthur formed his famous Round Table. From this time he reigned over a happy kingdom, and his good Excalibur was not idle: it never helped the cause of wrong or oppression, and it never failed to win the day. But I cannot tell you all the fair deeds of this righteous king, who, with the blessing of God, lived a long time to plant the seeds of Christianity and civilization in Britain.

It came to pass that in one of his engagements Arthur was fatally wounded. He looked around when he knew he must die, to see if there was one of his knights worthy to wield his faithful Excalibur when he was gone. He feared that some baser hand should one day soil its pure temper in striving for low ambition or dishonorable purpose; for be had, alas, found out by experience that many of his knights who had seemed fair to him were corrupt. So he resolved that Excalibur should be cast into the sea where it was wrought. He requested Sir Bedivere, who was supporting him, to give him a seat; which being done, he gave him his sword and adjured him to throw it into the sea. Sir Bedivere took the sword, but on his way, tempted by its beauty and the jewels set in it, concealed it under a tree. On his return, the king asked him what he observed when he threw it in. Bedivere replied, "Nothing but the waters deep and the waves wan." "Thou art untrue to me," said the king, with flashing eye; "thou hast not fulfilled thy trust as a knight should do." Then Bedivere ran in haste and took the sword; but when he had reached the sea-shore, again overcome by temptation, he threw only the scabbard into the sea, and concealed the sword. On his return, the king again asked him what he had observed. "Nothing," replied Sir Bedivere, "but the splashing of the water on the reeds." Then Arthur arose, and with wrath cried, "Unknightly traitor! how canst thou deal thus wrongfully by thy dying king!" Then Bedivere rushed to the sea-side and hurled through the air the sword, which sped like a lightning streak. And, lo! as he did so, a fair, shining hand and arm clothed in white emerged from the waves and caught Excalibur, and bore it down into the deep. When Bedivere returned to the king, he found there two women of angelic guise who bore Arthur away and placed him in a barge, and together they floated away over the sea; and long was it prophesied in Britain that when the land was worthy of such a king, Arthur should again float over the sea to its shore.

—As Uncle Paul closed this marvellous story, Alfred insisted on his continuing, but little Edith was asleep, and he bore her up stairs to bed; when he came down, he peeped over Arthur's shoulder, and saw him holding a pen over his sword, on which could be already read EXC—

CHAPTER II.

"Let the lost sword be for God."—ANCIENT PROVERB.

The next evening Uncle Paul was under an engagement, made just eleven months and twenty-nine days before, to play Santa Claus for the children. If folks only knew it, greater love hath no man for children than that he enact Saint Nicholas for them. How little do the delighted, fluttering little hearts know of the heated, melting form of Uncle Paul under his great buffalo robes, or of the Pauline nostrils smothered and scratched under an impenetrable vizor with great woollen whiskers! In this case our victim bore his martyrdom pretty well for awhile; but at last the white feather was visible over his mask; for he stooped down and whispered to his nephews and his niece, who at once paused in their mad career, whilst the little neighbors who had been invited grew instantly apprehensive of an impending catastrophe. What was it that the faint-hearted Santa Claus whispered? Why these words: *Wouldn't you like to hear something more about that sword?*

Emotions were for awhile in conflict; pros and cons beat violently against each other; but Santa Claus decided the question by vanishing through a key-hole and sending down presently, in his stead, Uncle Paul. The children were doubtful of him; they thought they had certainly seen the end of that sword when it disappeared under the waves, and they put the proposition to him in that form. Uncle Paul informed them that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy; and having now a large audience gathered about him, he proceeded as follows:

Have you not seen in your Atlas, on the map of Europe, a great red country in the South-East, called Austria? Well, this country, with the hard names for its towns and rivers, has been, and perhaps is now, the worst on the face of the earth. I suppose the country itself was good enough, and the people had hearts, but they were under the rule, from 1200 years ago down, of the most wicked of families, called the House of Hapsburgh. Each descendant of this house seemed only trying to outstrip the evil which his predecessor had done. It was like that great Dragon of which you read in the story-books, which polluted the air with its breath and which demanded that a virgin should be given it every day for breakfast. The virgin in this case was a nation; the other great powers—Russia, England and France—through fear, agreed to give it a young nation a day, and in this way Austria devoured Bavaria, Poland, Hungary, Silesia and Italy. The measure of its iniquity seemed full when Maria Theresa, by her blandishments and promises, gained the confidence of the Hungarians, only to fasten the evils of the Hapsburgh Dragon more fully about them.

Alfred—Where was St. George then?

Uncle Paul—Well asked! St. George came to fight the Dragon—only this time he was named Frederick the Great. His mission on earth was to punish the crimes of Austria; and after the most tremendous series of battles ever known, lasting about forty years, he humbled the House of Hapsburgh, which, in the person of Maria Theresa, knelt at his feet and sued for peace. Austria, the old Dragon, lives yet, but its fangs have been all drawn out, and it gets weaker and weaker.

Arthur—But about Excalibur?

Ah, yes, I'm coming to that. When it was known that Frederick, the Prussian monarch, had resolved to set himself front to front against Austria, the day before he marched into Bohemia at the head of a hundred thousand men to take Prague, a Bavarian peasant came to his door and earnestly desired to see the monarch. The courtiers and porters refused to admit so plainly dressed a boor, who had also a formidable, rusty old sword in his hand; but the man took his seat in the door and would not leave. Frederick, hearing some altercation, came to the door and found the peasant suffering indignities from his servants; sternly reproving the latter, he asked the peasant what he wished. The man held out his sword, and said, "Sire, I am a poor man, and make a scanty living by fishing. One day, as we were drawing in our nets, we found therein this old sword, which, though it be rusty, has some rich jewels in its hilt. And when I heard that a Savior had risen up to shield us from our oppressor, I travelled day and night to lay it at his feet." The king took the sword and proffered a reward to the peasant, but he would not receive it. He took the sword into his palace and examined it closely. On it he could only make out the letters EXCAL— What that meant, I leave you to guess. The king had the sword brightened up and made new, and placed it at his side. With him also it never failed! With it he conquered an immense kingdom; and though there are many things that may be said against Frederick the Great, it can never be denied that he built up the best and happiest kingdom which the world has ever seen. He had a noble idea of royalty: it was he that said, "A king is only the first of subjects"; that is, he should feel himself as much under a Higher Law as his subjects are under his Law. When Peace came, he gave the corn which had been provided for the next campaign to feed the destitute; be abolished burdensome taxes on the people; he lived as plainly as a peasant, stripped his palace of rich ornaments, and even wore threadbare garments, that the agriculture and industry of his nation might be advanced, and that there should be work and bread for all! He encouraged literature, and was an able writer himself; he allowed religious freedom throughout his dominions: a man could think what he pleased, and speak or print what he pleased, even though he spoke or wrote against the king himself. No need that such a king should ever fear his people's liberty!

What was done with Excalibur? Why, I will tell you. Frederick, having now established the nations on a basis of freer nationality, having conquered a European peace, looked over the Ocean and saw some brave colonies fighting against their oppressor, as the nations which he had relieved had fought against Austria. He watched with interest, and then in various ways helped George Washington and his army to carry forward to a successful issue the American Revolution. And when our Revolution was over, and Washington, with the blessings of a free and happy people crowning his head with a coronet brighter than king ever knew, retired to Mount Vernon, Frederick the Great sent across the Atlantic his sword, and when it was placed in the hands of Washington it bore these words: *From the oldest general in the world to the greatest.* So Excalibur, the sword which in the hand of its true king could carve iron, steel and even despotism, was hung up in Washington's cabinet in Virginia.

CHAPTER III.

"That sword he [John Brown] held in his own hand during the whole of Monday."—COL. WASHINGTON'S TESTIMONY.

It was just one year before the above story or stories were told that Uncle Paul again returned to Kenmore to spend the Christmas holidays—these last holidays. And scarcely were the greetings over, scarcely was the old man comfortably seated in his chair ere he began to ache for the children to ask him for another story! Now was this not strange in Uncle Paul? Were all his former evasions affectations, or was he getting garrulous, as old men sometimes will? However this might be, Uncle Paul was certainly fishing for a story-proposition, whilst the children looked askance at their parents, and steeled their tongues against asking for one.

N. B.—Mamma had said in the morning, "Children, remember, now, you are to let Uncle Paul have some peace, and must not climb over him and make him tell you a story as soon as he comes. Mind, now, the first that disobeys goes to bed!"

But, ah, what proud triumph lighted up each little eye when the old gentleman, having thrown out hints in vain, at length burst out plainly with, "Arthur, wouldn't you like to hear more about EXCALIBUR?"

A yell, a rush, and Uncle Paul's arms were folded about the youngsters, though now they were large enough to be consigned to ottomans, etc., about his feet, rather than to his somewhat failing knees. The paternal Edgarton was conservative, and suspected that Uncle Paul's story this time would not be altogether what he could desire. Uncle Paul glanced at him with a malicious artlessness, which sheathed a cunning twinkle, and proceeded.

"Let's see, where did we leave Excalibur?"

Arthur and Alfred (in chorus)—Hung up at Mount Vernon.

Uncle Paul—Ah, yes; well, it didn't stay there! Wouldn't you say, boys, that a sword which was sent into this world to fight for the weak against the strong, for the right against the wrong, a sword which could only be worthily wielded by such men as King Arthur and Frederick the Great, and George Washington, a sword which had twice come forth from the bottom of the sea to strike for freedom—would you not think, boys, that such a sword was a dangerous one to have in a neighborhood where innocent men and women were held in chains, their children taken from their hearts and sold, and where there were no knights to stand for them?

Yes? Well, so it turned out in this case. Washington, the Father of his country, could look with pride on that trusty Excalibur, for he loved freedom, and whilst living, treated the Africans which he had inherited with kindness; when dying, he set them all free! He thought he was leaving a nation which would follow his example; but, instead of that, they found that slaves could work well and sell well, and they stole more of them from their own land, and gave to the masters the control of our whole country. Then Excalibur began to get uneasy, and went a little way up, where it could be near and watch the meaner swords made to fasten chains, not to "carve" them asunder. The old Austrian Dragon seemed to have reappeared in American Slavery—

Arthur (interrupting)—Uncle Paul, is there no Saint George in America?

Uncle Paul—I'm not so sure that there *was* not, my boy. Let me tell you. There was an old man named John Brown, whose parents had brought him up amidst the free airs and the bountiful sunlight of nature, and taught him the simple faith of love to God and man. This old man studied the Holy Bible day and night, and resolved to live up to the best law of life that he could find in it. But one cannot read such great sayings as are in that Book with their eyes or lips; the very light of the sun is not clear enough to read it by; it takes a *life* to read it. So old John Brown lived what he knew: he fed the hungry, clothed the naked and ministered to the afflicted; and as he so lived by one rule, a light shone upon the next. One day he came to ponder deeply these two sentences in that Book:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Remember those who are in bonds as bound with them."

Then he called together his household, and said: "My wife, my daughters and my sons, suppose that we were all this day held in bonds by a master who could tear us apart at any moment, who could make us the victims of his own or others' lust, or make us the servile instruments of his basest deeds: would we not strike for freedom, and would we not long for some helping hand to free us?" Then he read them the LAWS which he had been weighing; and as in the darkest night a lantern's light is turned full upon the chasm that yawns at a traveller's feet, so did he turn their brightness upon the great crime against Humanity which cries to Heaven against this Nation. Then this old man and his sons left their guardian women to pray for them; and, taking their lives in their hands, they went forth, these modern Knights of the Round Table, to strike from human hands every fetter they could reach; and many a living and immortal heart did they rescue from the Dragon's coils! When the ear heard them, then it blessed them; and when the eye saw them, it gave witness to them; because they delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

At last the old man went down into the same neighborhood where Excalibur had gone. A divine madness seized upon him; as it is written, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad"—but whether such madness be not the wisdom of God, which is foolishness with men, we are not all calm enough to judge now. Soon John Brown bore in his hand the never-failing sword Excalibur! In his hand it conquered a whole nation. Presently twenty-nine other nations came to help the one, and this old man and his sons were taken prisoners, but not till then; such is the power of the sword which strikes for Justice and Liberty.

On the second day of December, 1859, they hung that old man by the neck until he was dead—for loving his neighbor as himself, for stooping to heal the wounded Jew, for remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them. But as he died he was more victorious than he had ever dreamed of being; he melted a million hearts and poured them into the moulds of Freedom.

EXCALIBUR still waits the hand of its next true King, who will be he that can conquer without it. It has made its wound, piercing beneath the scales of the Dragon; and that wound can never be healed. His fierce writhings and threatenings only tell us how the blow touched the seat of life.

Let us trust that it need never strike again! Let us pray that about it may grow up a people who know the power of the Sword of the Spirit, the LOVE which never faileth; and who may wield the weapon which is not carnal so truly that the strongholds of Evil shall fall, and the kingdom of Purity and Peace be established.

Arthur—But have you not left out the story of Excalibur?

Uncle Paul—Oh, no, I have not left out the story of Excalibur. Excalibur is the Word of God, which is sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Excalibur is the Truth which is mighty and will prevail. Excalibur is the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Excalibur is the Right which is Might. Excalibur is the Love which never faileth. Excalibur is the Principle of Universal Liberty. Excalibur is the Golden Rule. Excalibur is the Declaration of Independence. Excalibur is the Constitution of the United States. Excalibur is the Anti-Slavery Standard. Excalibur is the Liberator. Excalibur is the Bible. Excalibur is the Right of Self-Government. Excalibur is the Sword of Freedom. Excalibur is the Sword of Justice. Excalibur is the Sword of Truth. Excalibur is the Sword of Love. Excalibur is the Sword of Peace. Excalibur is the Sword of Liberty. Excalibur is the Sword of Right. Excalibur is the Sword of Equality. Excalibur is the Sword of Fraternity. Excalibur is the Sword of Humanity. Excalibur is the Sword of Universal Brotherhood. Excalibur is the Sword of God. Excalibur is the Sword of Christ. Excalibur is the Sword of Jesus. Excalibur is the Sword of Heaven. Excalibur is the Sword of Eternity. Excalibur is the Sword of Immortality. Excalibur is the Sword of Life. Excalibur is the Sword of Resurrection. Excalibur is the Sword of Ascension. Excalibur is the Sword of Glory. Excalibur is the Sword of Power. Excalibur is the Sword of Wisdom. Excalibur is the Sword of Knowledge. Excalibur is the Sword of Understanding. Excalibur is the Sword of Counsel. Excalibur is the Sword of Might. Excalibur is the Sword of Strength. Excalibur is the Sword of Courage. Excalibur is the Sword of Faith. Excalibur is the Sword of Hope. Excalibur is the Sword of Charity. Excalibur is the Sword of Meekness. Excalibur is the Sword of Gentleness. Excalibur is the Sword of Goodness. Excalibur is the Sword of Righteousness. Excalibur is the Sword of Holiness. Excalibur is the Sword of Purity. Excalibur is the Sword of Peace. Excalibur is the Sword of Joy. Excalibur is the Sword of Blessedness. Excalibur is the Sword of Salvation. Excalibur is the Sword of Redemption. Excalibur is the Sword of Regeneration. Excalibur is the Sword of Sanctification. Excalib